



GUY GARDNER

REBORN™



BOOK TWO

2

OF THREE

GERARD JONES • JOE STATON
JOSEF RUBINSTEIN

HE WAS ONCE A MEMBER
OF A PROUD TRADITION OF HEROES.

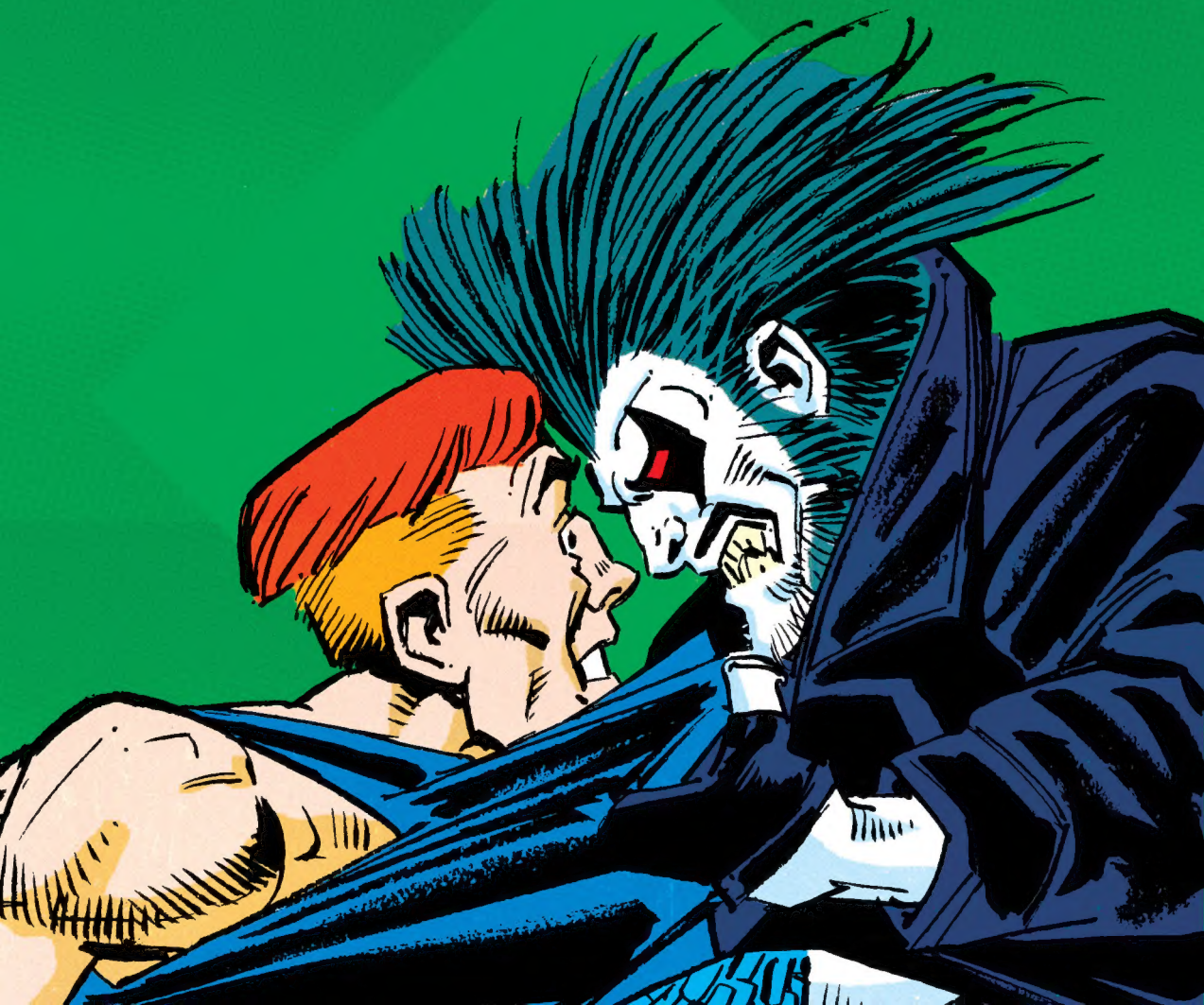
NOW, HE'S JUST ANOTHER GUY WITH A BOWL HAIRCUT.

SO HE'S TEAMED UP WITH THE BADDEST OF THE BAD
TO REGAIN THE POWER HE THINKS HE NEEDS.

HE'S ABOUT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT HIMSELF
THAN HE EVER WANTED TO KNOW.

HE'S ABOUT TO BECOME...

GUY GARDNER REBORN

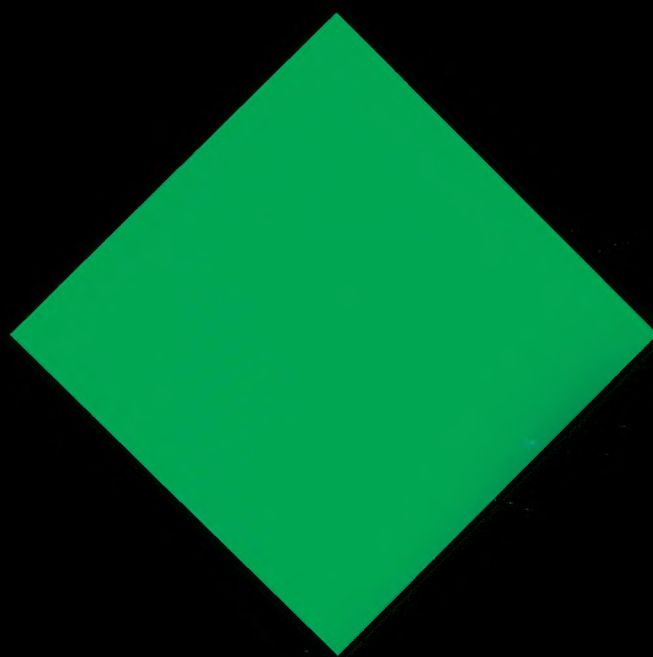


GUY GARDNER

REBORN

BOOK TWO OF THREE

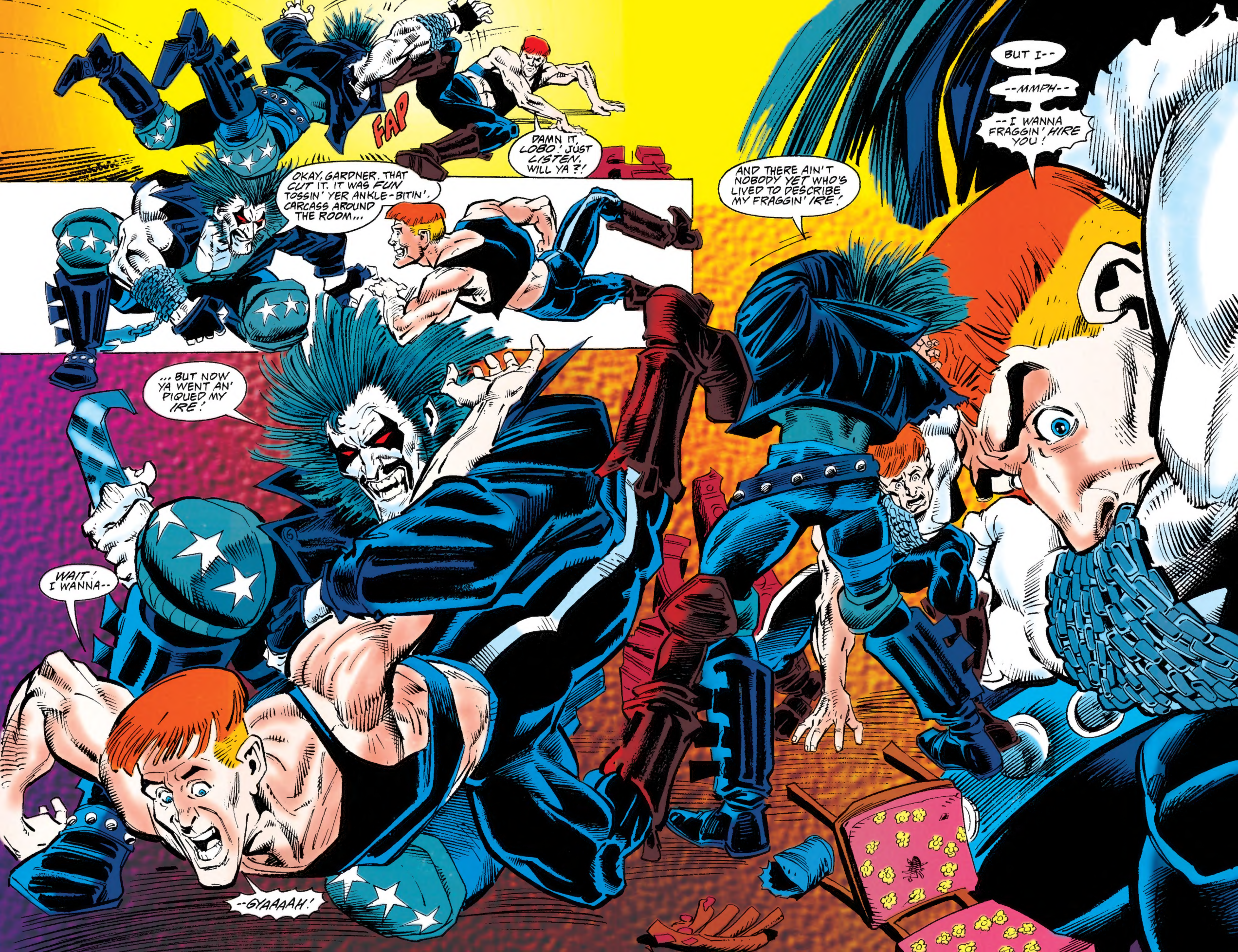
GERARD JONES **WRITER**
JOE STATON **PENCILLER**
JOSEF RUBINSTEIN **INKER**
ALBERT DeGUZMAN **LETTERER**
ERIC KACHELHOFFER **COLORIST**



Y'KNOW, WHEN I THOUGHT
ABOUT TEAMIN' UP WITH
LOBO...



... I HAD
SOMETHIN'
TOTALLY
DIFFERENT
IN MIND.



FAP

DAMN IT, LOBO! JUST LISTEN, WILL YA?!

OKAY, GARDNER, THAT CUT IT. IT WAS FUN TOSSIN' YER ANKLE-BITIN' CARCASS AROUND THE ROOM...

AND THERE AIN'T NOBODY YET WHO'S LIVED TO DESCRIBE MY FRAGGIN' IRE!

BUT I--

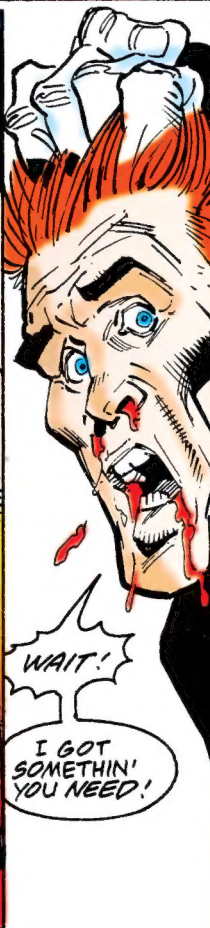
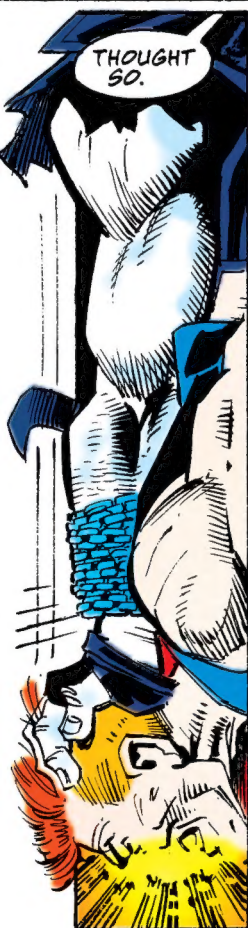
--MMPH--

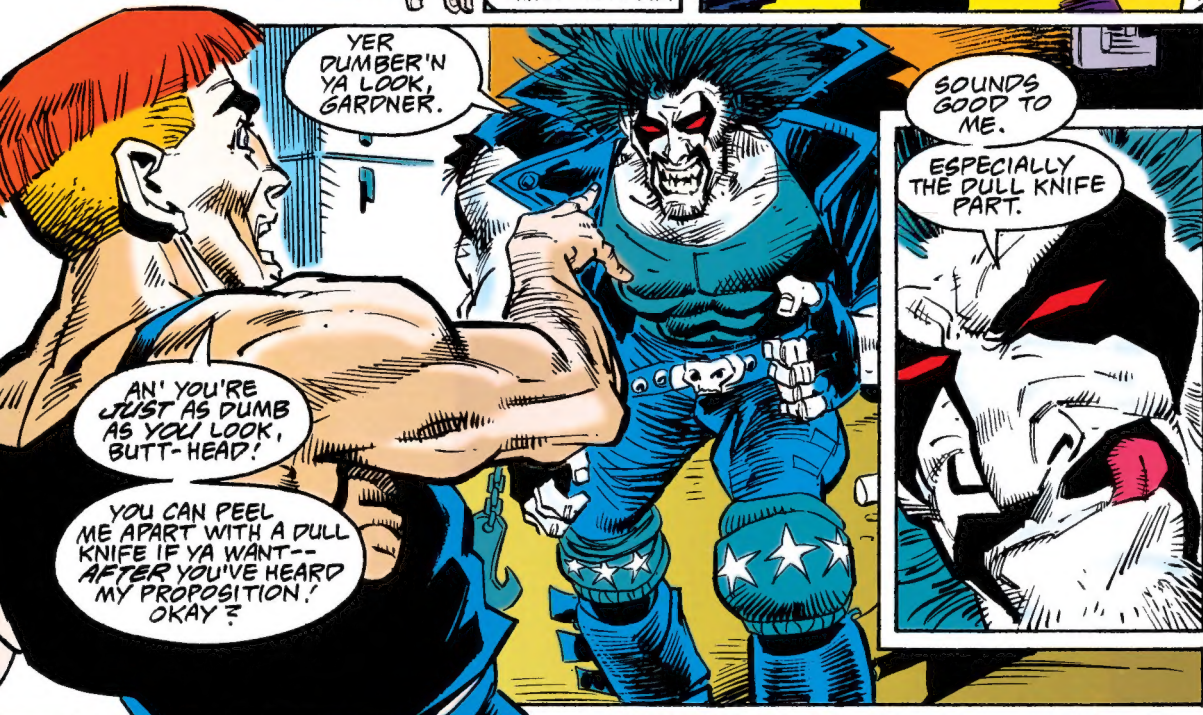
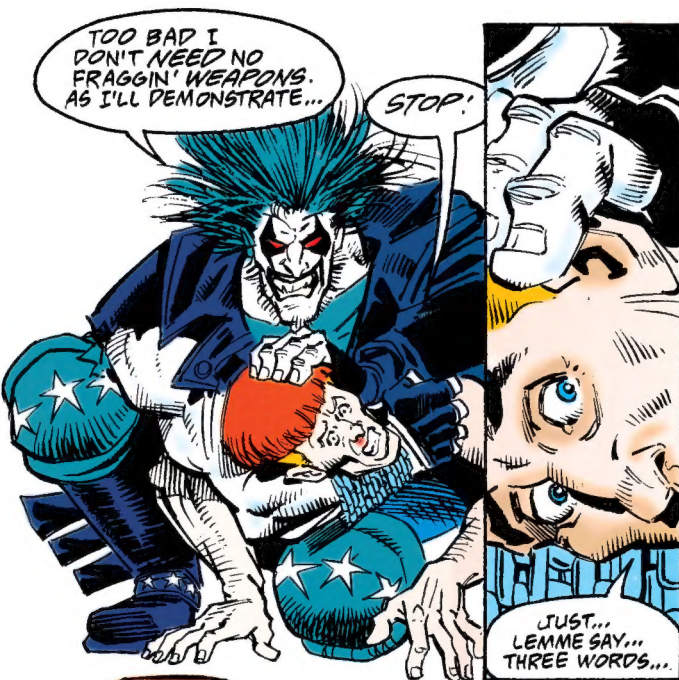
-- I WANNA FRAGGIN' HIRE YOU!

... BUT NOW YA WENT AN' PIQUED MY IRE!

WAIT! I WANNA--

--GYAAAAH!







YA THINK I GIVE AWAY FREE BEER ?

WHY DONCHA ASK FOR FREE DISHES TOO, YA SCAB-PICKIN'--



'SOKAY. 'SOKAY. JUST HEAR ME OUT.



JUST... HEAR ME OUT. YEAH. WELP.

AHEM SEE, IT'S... IT'S LIKE THIS...



THERE'S A POWER RING OUT THERE, SEE ? JUST LIKE A GREEN LANTERN RING, BUT WITHOUT THE WEAKNESS T'YELLOW. IT'S INVINCIBLE.



YOU COULD USE IT FOR REALLY BIG JOBS, SEE ? LIKE IF YOU GET A PLANETARY GENOCIDE CONTRACT, YOU WOULDN'T HAFTA HIT EVERYBODY ONE BY ONE.



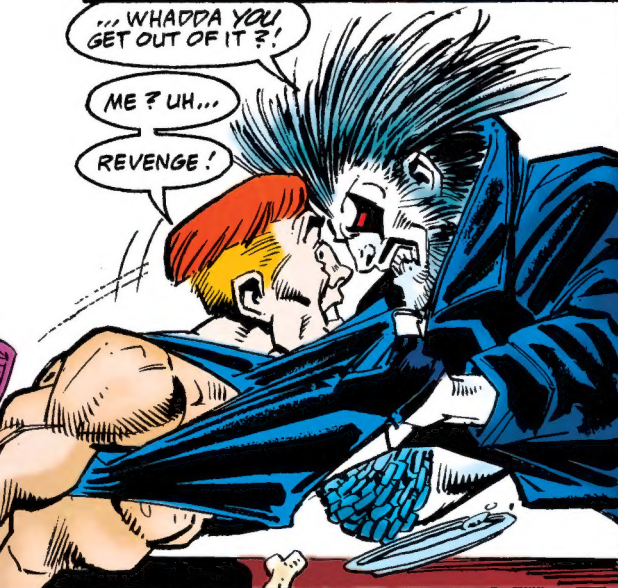
AN' IF THIS HERE GALACTIC RECESSION CUTS INTO YOUR GIGS, YOU COULD USE IT TO ADVERTISE.



AN' HEY, YOU CAN ALWAYS SELL IT. A POWER RING'LL FETCH A LOTTA BEER-MONEY.



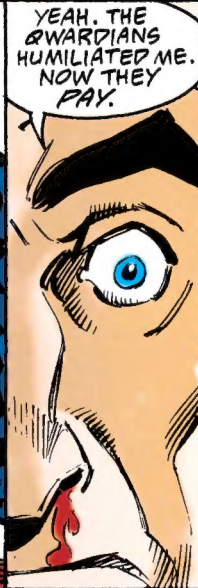
PRETTY DECENT EXCUSE TO RIP UP A PLANET. BUT I'M CURIOUS ABOUT ONE LITTLE THING...



... WHADDA YOU GET OUT OF IT ?!

ME ? UH...

REVENGE !



YEAH. THE QWARDIANS HUMILIATED ME. NOW THEY PAY.



HUH. AN' I ALWAYS HEARD THE FRAGGIN' JLA STOOD FOR JUSTICE, NOT PERSONAL REVENGE.



NOW I GOT A WHOLE NEW RESPECT FER YOU BOZOIDS !



SO WHAT
UNLUCKY
PLANET GETS
TO MAKE MY
ACQUAINTANCE?

OWARD. A
FEUDAL WARRIOR
WORLD. FULLA
BLOODTHIRSTY
THUNDERERS AN'
WEAPONERS AN'
DESTROYERS
ALL WORSHIPPIN'
EVIL INSTEAD
O' GOOD.

MMMM. SOUNDS TOO SWEET TO
BE TRUE. SOUNDS LIKE THAT'S
WHERE I SHOULD'VE BEEN BORN,
INSTEAD OF CZARNIA--LAND OF
THE GOODY-TWO-SHOES.

YOU...
COME FROM
A "LAND OF
THE GOODY-
TWO-SHOES"?

GUESS YOU NEVER READ MY *UNAUTHORIZED*
BIOGRAPHY, HUH? WELL, LET'S PRETEND I
NEVER MENTIONED IT... 'AWRIGHT?

HEY, I WOULDN'T HOLD
A GUY'S BIRTHPLACE
AGAINST HIM. I MEAN,
I'M FROM BALTIMORE.

SO WHADDA
WE WAITIN'
FOR?

UH... ONE THING. SEE, I'M FINDIN'
OUT THAT WITHOUT MY RING I AIN'T
SUCH A GREAT TOUGH GUY AS I THOUGHT
I WAS. SO I WAS WONDERIN'...

...COULD
YOU TEACH
ME SOME
THINGS?

SURE, PAL, I'D LOVE TO BE
YOUR TEACHER. I ALWAYS DID
HAVE A LOTTA RESPECT...
FOR TEACHERS. * HEH *

YEAH, THAT'S IT. WITH YOUR HANDS LIKE THAT YOU CAN BLOCK ANY BLOW TO YOUR ABDOMEN.

ONLY IT'S TOO BAD IF SOME FRAGGER POPS YOU IN THE MOUTH.

NEXT WE GOTTA TEACH YOU HOW TO FALL.

YUP, YOU KNOW HOW TO FALL, ALL RIGHT.

YOU BETTER GET USED TO PAIN, TOO.

BREAK-TIME! LET'S DO OUR STRETCHIN' EXERCISES!

COURSE THE TRUE WARRIOR'S GOTTA BE IN TOUCH WITH HIS MOST INTIMATE MALE FEELINGS.

Y'KNOW, LOBO, YOU'RE A BORN TEACHER...

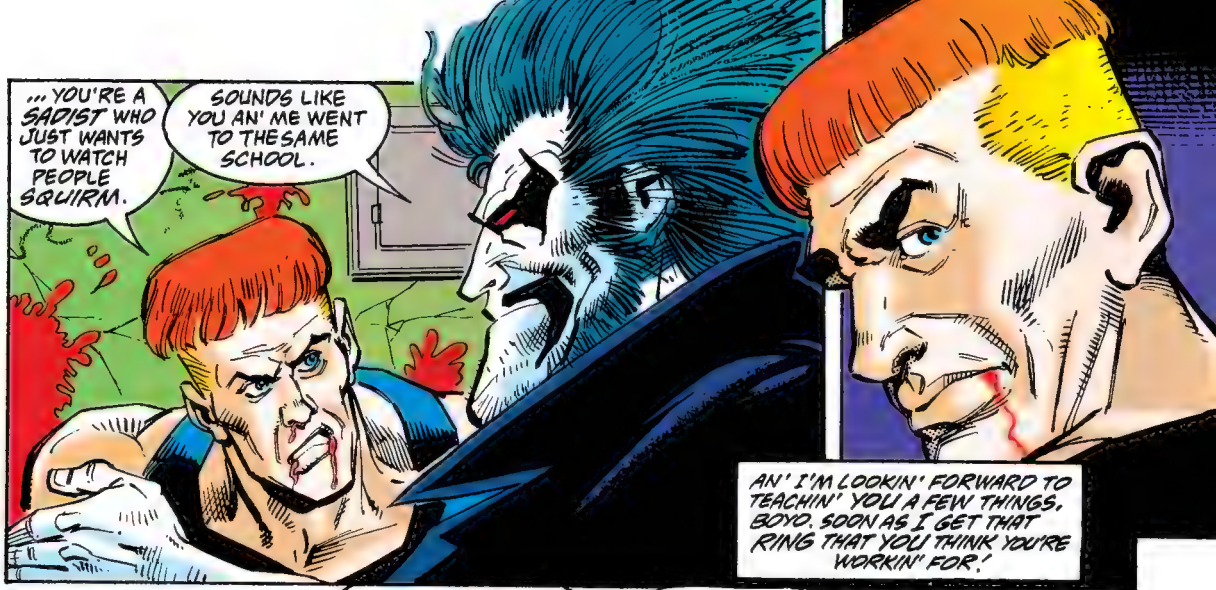
AAGH!

LIKE THESE!

KRAK

FAP

WHOOCH



... YOU'RE A
SADIST WHO
JUST WANTS
TO WATCH
PEOPLE
SQUIRM.

SOUNDS LIKE
YOU AN' ME WENT
TO THE SAME
SCHOOL.

AN' I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD TO
TEACHIN' YOU A FEW THINGS,
BOYO. SOON AS I GET THAT
RING THAT YOU THINK YOU'RE
WORKIN' FOR!



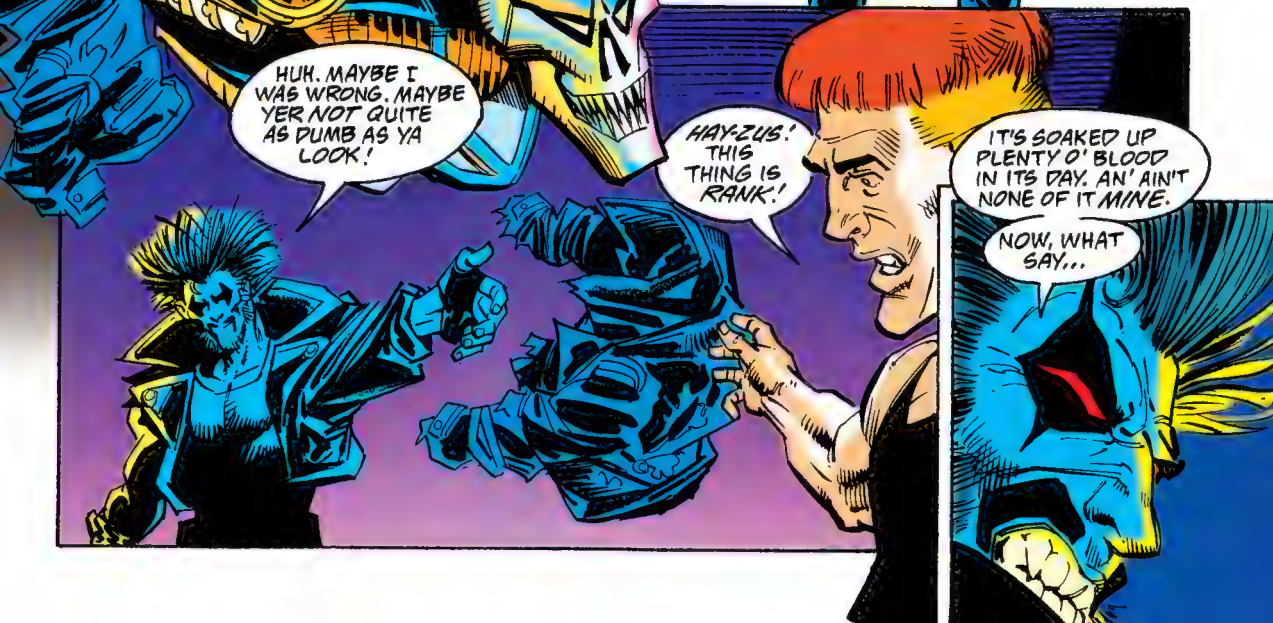
HEY! YOU GOT AN
EXTRA JACKET?

WHAT, IS IT
TOO COLD ON
WARD FER
THE BIG, BAD
JUSTICE
LEAGUER?

HELL NO.

BUT ONE
THING I KNOW
ABOUT BEIN' A
BAD-ASS IS YOU
NEVER LET THE
OTHER GUY
KNOW YOU'RE
HURT.

WITH A
JACKET I CAN
KEEP THE
GUARDIANS
FROM SEEN'
THAT I'M
BLEEDIN'.

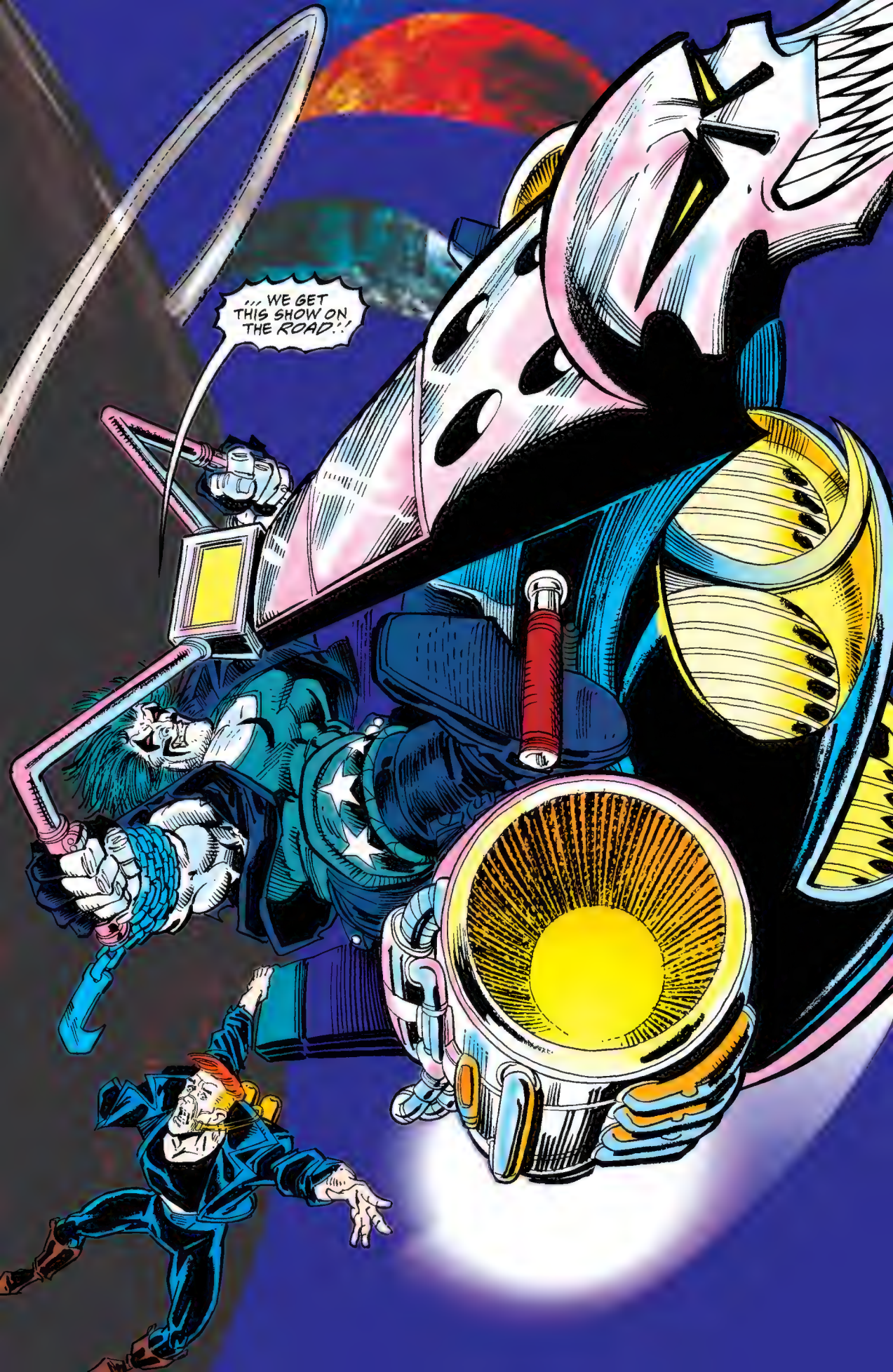


HUH. MAYBE I
WAS WRONG. MAYBE
YER NOT QUITE
AS DUMB AS YA
LOOK!

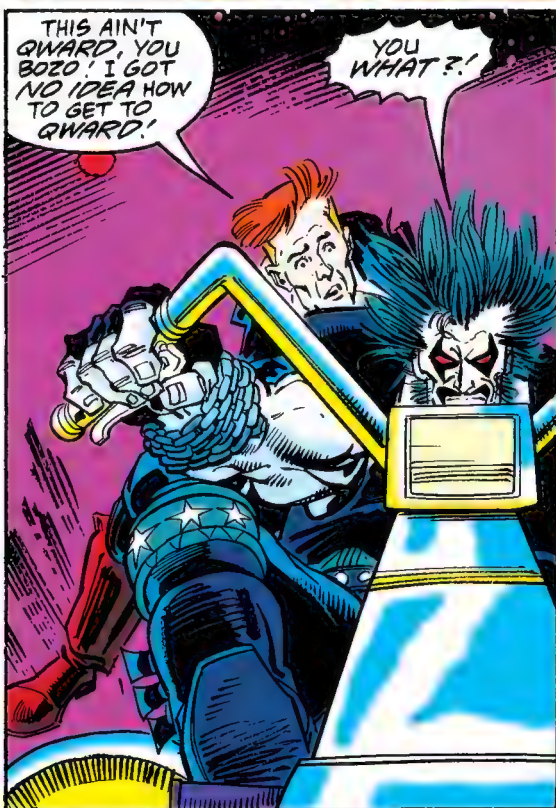
HAY-ZUS!
THIS
THING IS
RANK!

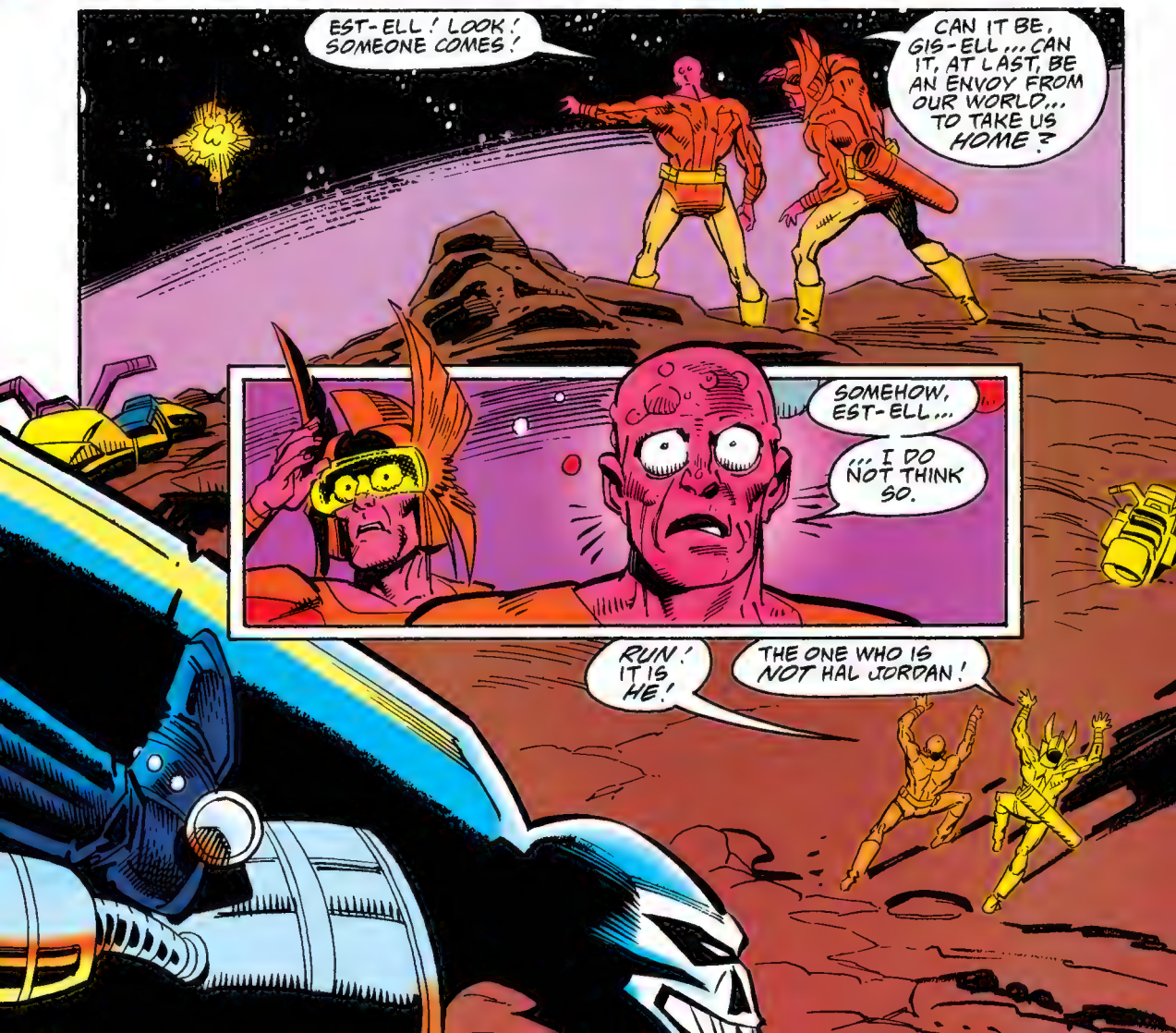
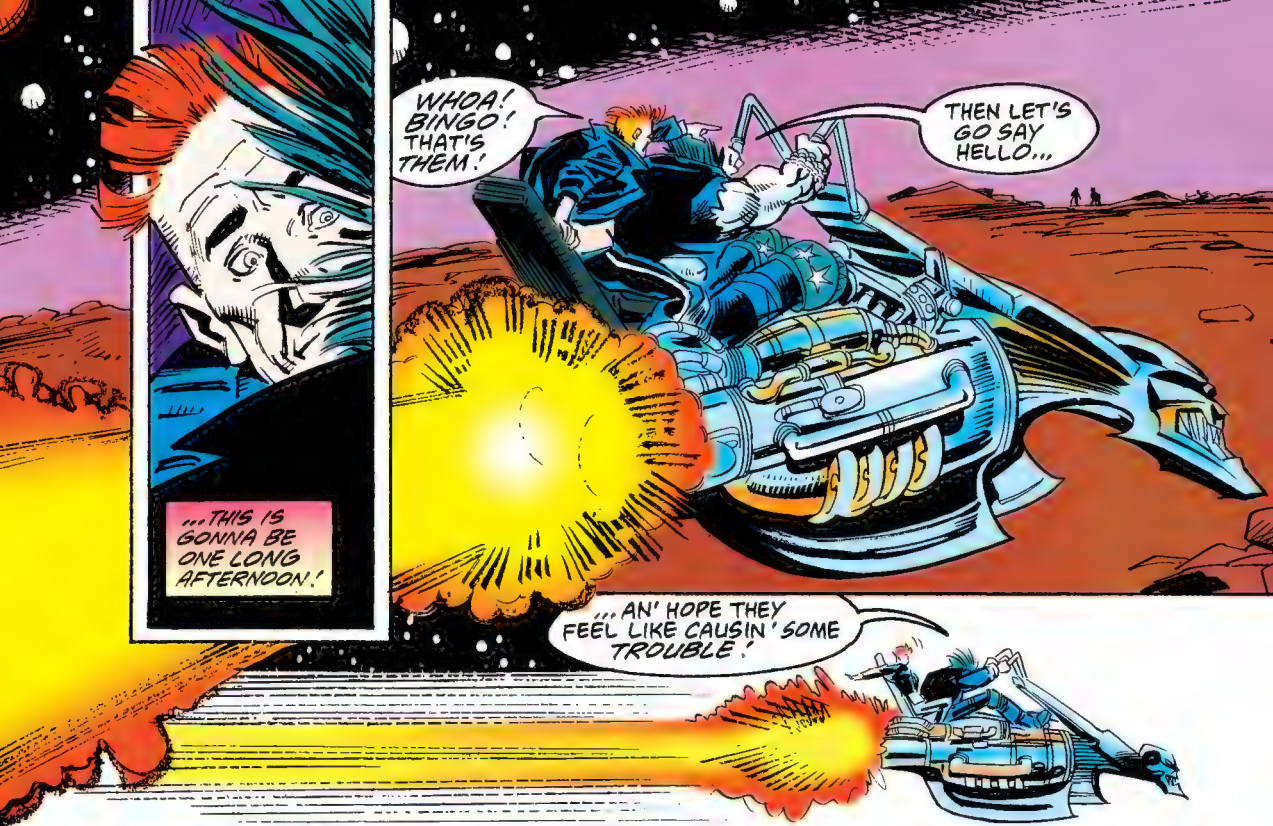
IT'S SOAKED UP
PLENTY O' BLOOD
IN ITS DAY. AN' AIN'T
NONE OF IT MINE.

NOW, WHAT
SAY...

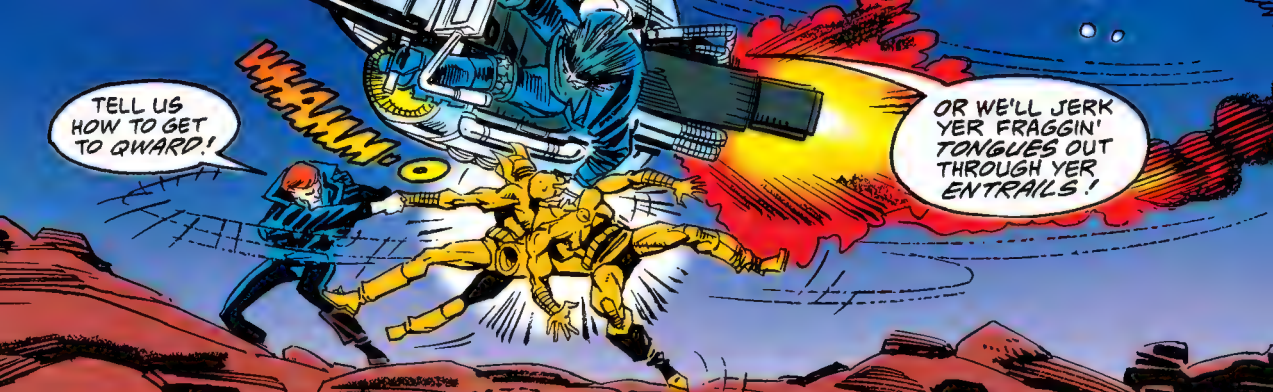


... WE GET
THIS SHOW ON
THE ROAD!!









TELL US
HOW TO GET
TO QWARD!

OR WE'LL JERK
YER FRAGGIN'
TONGUES OUT
THROUGH YER
ENTRAILS!



WELL?

UH... YOU...
UH...

... YOU CAN'T GO!
NO ONE CAN! THE
DIMENSIONAL PORTAL
MUST BE BROKEN!
OTHERWISE THEY'D
NEVER HAVE LEFT
US HERE SO LONG!

ISN'T THAT
RIGHT, GIS-ELL?

UHHHHH



THAT'S JUST
OUR TOUGH
LUCK, HUH?
WELL, I GUESS
AS LONG AS
WE'RE STUCK
HERE...



... WE MAY AS
WELL AMUSE
OURSELVES.

AMUH...

AMUH...



YEAH. SAY, BY
PEELIN' YOUR
SKIN OFF...

... AN' SEEN' HOW
MUCH OF IT YA CAN
SWALLOW BEFORE
YA DIE!



NO! THERE
IS A WAY TO
QWARD--



GIS-ELL,
WAIT!



WAIT FOR
WHAT?

UM...
... WAIT...
WAIT TO
BE...



TAKEN TO
QWARD!
THAT'S IT!

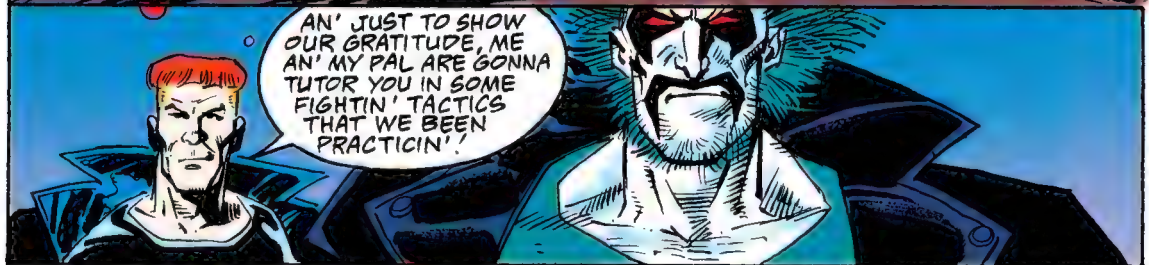
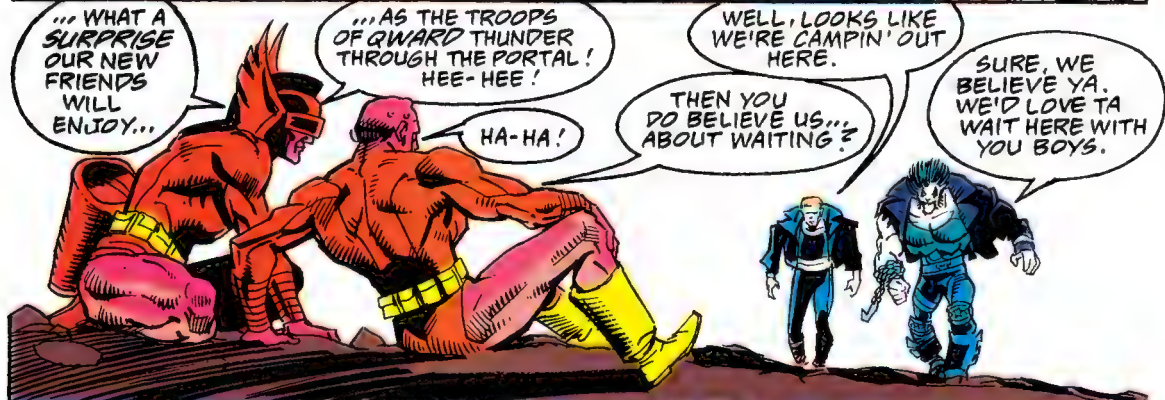
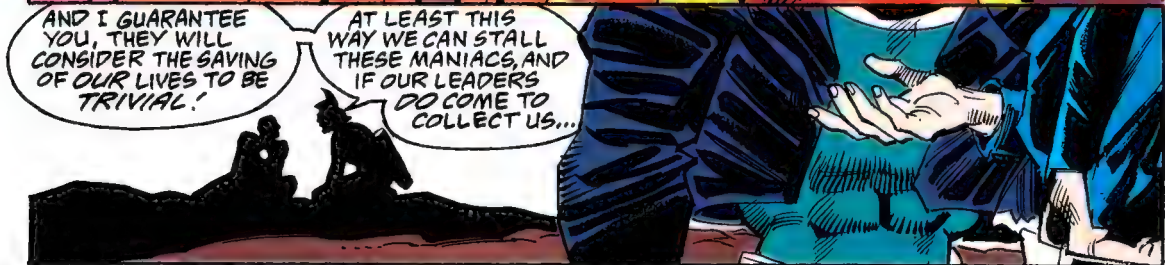
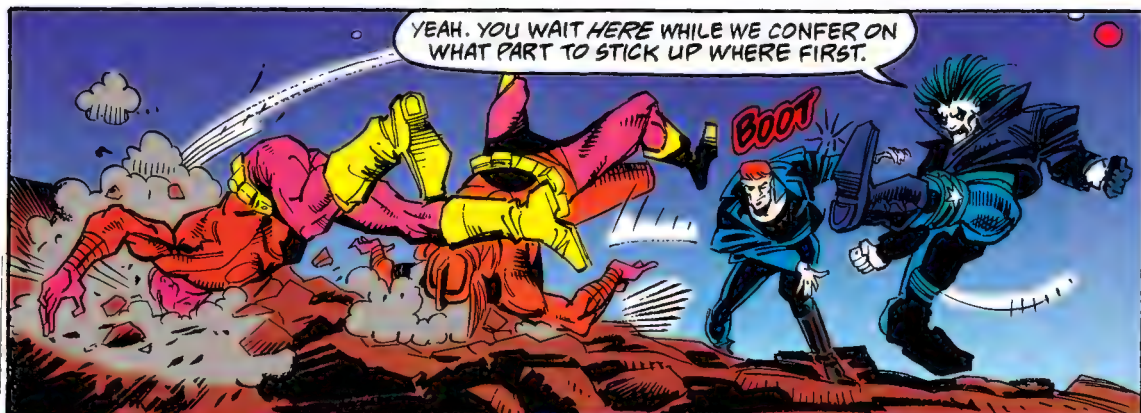
OUR
LEADERS
WILL COME
TO COLLECT
US SOON!
YOU CAN
GO WITH
US THEN!



REALLY.



SOUNDS LIKE ME
AN' MY PARTNER
BETTER CONFER
ON STRATEGY
HERE.



OOCH! OUCH! GYAAA!

PAY ATTENTION, KIDDIES. YA MAY NEED THIS TECHNIQUE--IN YER NEXT LIFE!

I... GWUKHH... I CAN'T TAKE IT! I HAVE TO TELL HIM!

NO! YOU... NGLUHH... YOU CAN'T!

SHOW ME WHAT "IT WILL."

SEE WHATCHA CAN DO, GARDNER, WHEN YA AIN'T GOT NO... SOFT SPOTS?

YEAH, YEAH, I SEE. LET'S JUST GET IT DONE. OKAY?

PLUH... PLUH- PLEASE ...

AWWW. I BET YOU CAN!

Y-YES! EEEYAAAA!

PLEASE! THE... THE EMERGENCY HOOK! IN THE... IN THE SLEDS! IT WILL... IT WILL...





LOOKIT OUR LITTLE STUDENTS THERE. 'SLEEPIN' PEACEFUL AS BABIES. AIN'T THAT FRAGGIN' SWEET ?

YEAH.
SURE.

I WONDER IF TOMORRA'S LESSONS'LL GO JUST AS SMOOTH.

YOU REALLY LIKED DOIN' THAT, DIDN'T YA ?

WASN'T AS MUCH FUN AS SKINNIN' 'EM WOULD'VE BEEN... BUT IT BEATS WATCHIN' VIDEOS O' MY OLD ASSASSINATIONS.

WHY-- DIDN'T YOU ?

THERE'S NO CHALLENGE IN BEATIN' ON GUYS WHAT'RE ALREADY BEATEN. WHAT'S THE POINT ?

HEY, I DON'T HAFTA LISTEN T'SOME SHAG-HEAD TELL ME I GOT A SOFT SPOT.

YA GOT A SOFT SPOT, GEEK. NO WAY YA CAN BE THE BAD-ASS YA WANNA BE-- WITH A SOFT SPOT.

I JUST LIKE A CHALLENGE, THAT'S ALL.

I'M TAKIN' A WALK. MAYBE I'LL FIND ME SOMETHIN' TO KILL.

YEAH.
SURE.

"YEAH, SURE," HE SAYS.
AND HE'S RIGHT. THERE
IS SOMETHING SOFT
IN ME.

FOR YEARS I FORCED MYSELF TO BE
A NICE GUY--MAKES MY GUT CHURN TO
THINK OF IT-- AND NOW I JUST CAN'T
GET THE DAMN NICENESS OUTTA ME!

HARD AS I TRY, I JUST CAN'T
BRING MY LACK OF VIOLENCE
UNDER CONTROL!

MAYBE THE PROBLEM'S
IN MY CHILDHOOD. SURE,
MOST PEOPLE TREATED
ME ROTTEN... BUT
THERE WERE ALWAYS
A FEW TOO MANY
PEOPLE WHO CARED
ABOUT ME!

WHAT AM I? AM I EVER
GONNA BE THE BUTT-KICKER
GOD MEANT ME TO BE?

I GOTTA PROVE
IT, DON'T I? I
GOTTA PROVE TO
ME WHAT I
CAN BE--

--AN' I GOTTA
PROVE IT TO THE
JUSTICE
LEAGUE--

--AN' MOST OF ALL
I GOTTA PROVE IT
TO THE GREEN
LANTERN
CORPS!

OA'S UP THERE,
IN THE HEART O' THE
GALAXY SOMEWHERE.
THE GUARDIANS ARE
UP THERE, NOT CARIN'
NO MORE ABOUT ME
THAN A BUG ON A
LEAF.

KILOWOG'S UP
THERE, TRAININ'
RECRUITS. AN' JOHN
STEWART, PROBL'Y
POKIN' HIS NOSE IN.

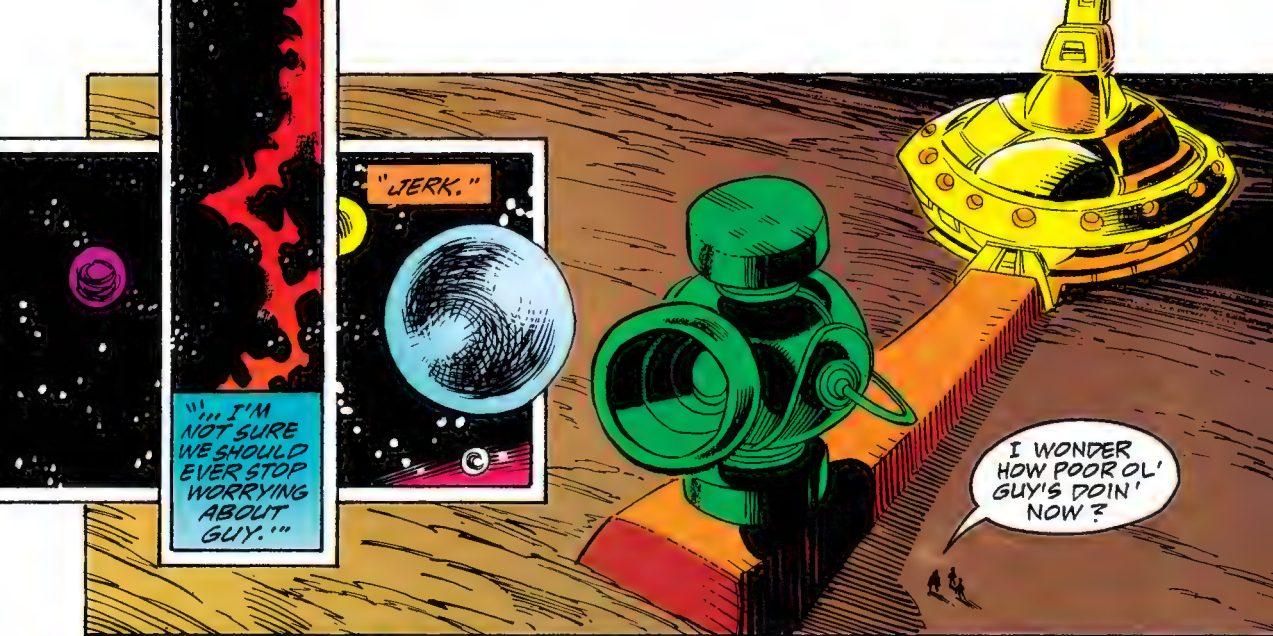
I CAN JUST
HEAR KIL SAYIN',
"I WONDER HOW
POOR OL' GUY'S
DOIN' NOW."

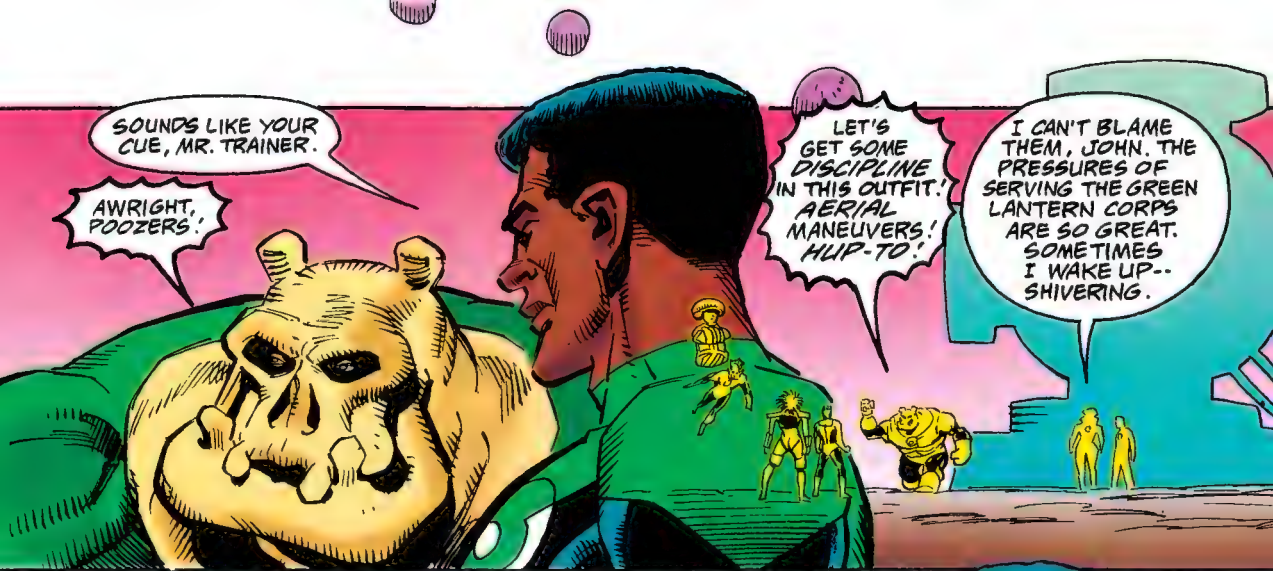
AN' THEN THAT
SAP-HEAD JORDAN-
LOVER BRIK, SHE'LL
PROBL'Y SAY, "AT
LEAST WE NEVER
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT HIM IN THE
CORPS AGAIN!"

AN' THEN
STEWART,
MR. OMINOUS,
HE'D SAY...

NOT CARIN'
ABOUT NOTHIN'
OR NOBODY--
CAN I DO
THAT?

AND NOW THERE'S
ICE. AND GENERAL
GLORY. AND KILOWOG.
NO MATTER WHAT I
DO, I JUST CAN'T
SEEM TO ALIENATE
'EM!





SOUNDS LIKE YOUR CUE, MR. TRAINER.

AWRIGHT, POOZERS!

LET'S GET SOME DISCIPLINE IN THIS OUTFIT! AERIAL MANEUVERS! HUP-TO!

I CAN'T BLAME THEM, JOHN. THE PRESSURES OF SERVING THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS ARE SO GREAT. SOMETIMES I WAKE UP--SHIVERING.



RED-LEFT 14! ONE MORE TIME! HUP!

WILL WE BE ABLE TO MAKE THIS WORK, JOHN?

DON'T WORRY, BRIK. THE GUARDIANS' EXPECTATIONS ARE HIGH... BUT THE PROSPECTS LOOK BRIGHTER THAN YOU THINK.

NOW... I HAVE WORK ON THE MOSAIC.

AND SOON THE GUARDIANS WILL ASK US TO DO OUR OWN RECRUITING. WON'T THEY? THERE WILL BE DOZENS OF NEW RECRUITS.

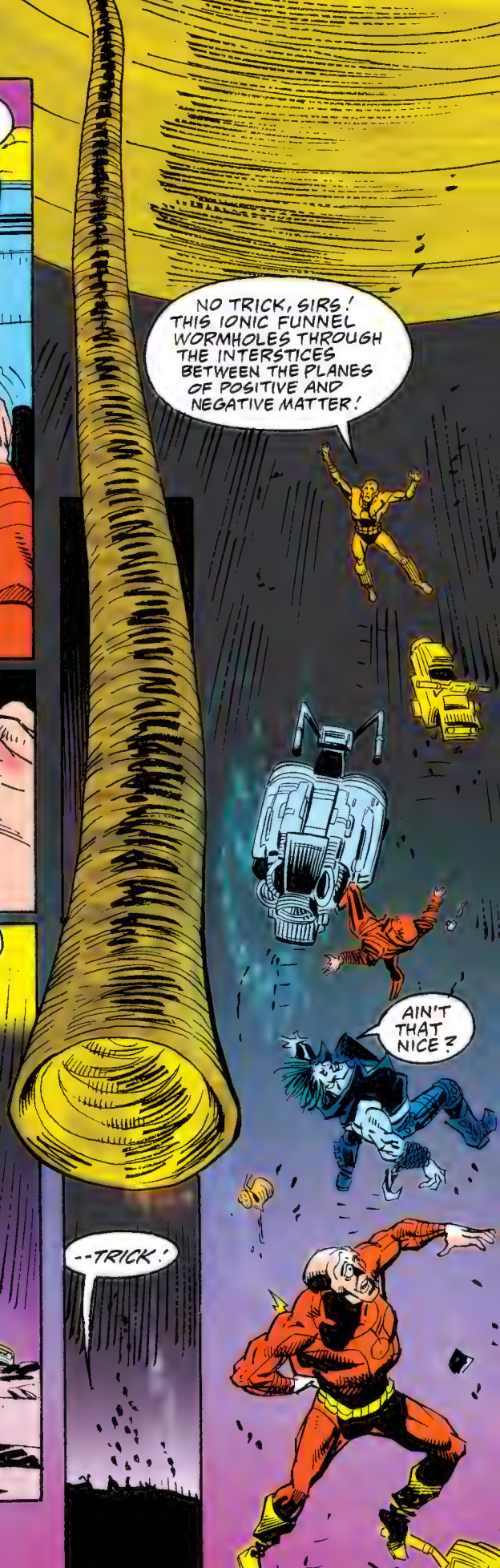
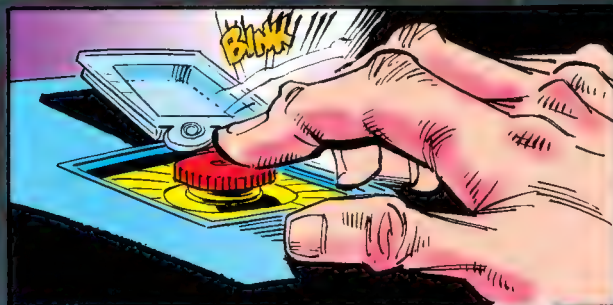
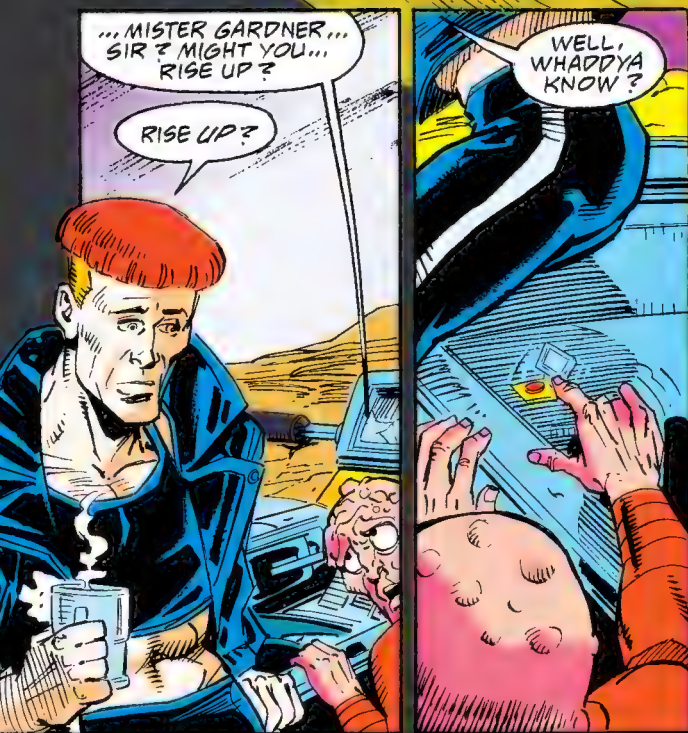


GOOD-BYE, JOHN. IF YOU NEED...

HM?!

THAT'S ODD. I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF...

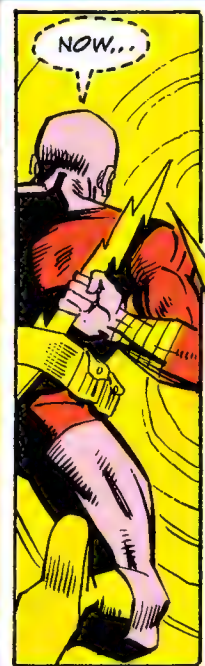
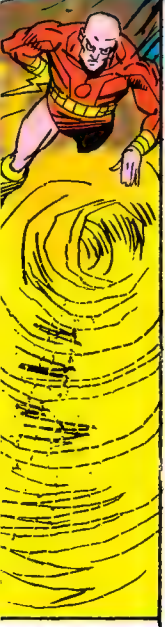
...SOMETHING RED.



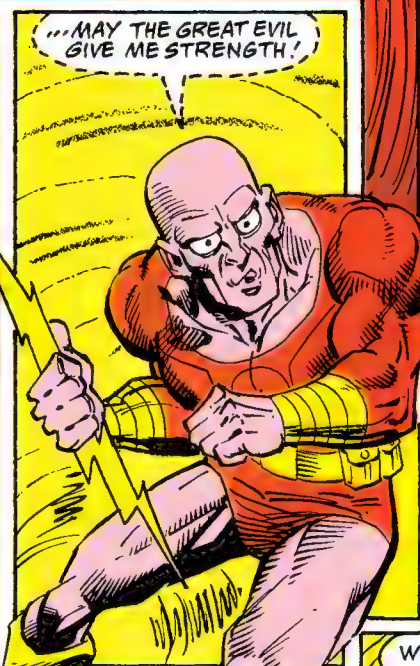


THAT BETTER
MEAN WE'RE HEADIN'
FOR A RUCKUS. OR
I'LL HAVE TA MAKE
MY OWN RUCKUS--
RIGHT HERE!

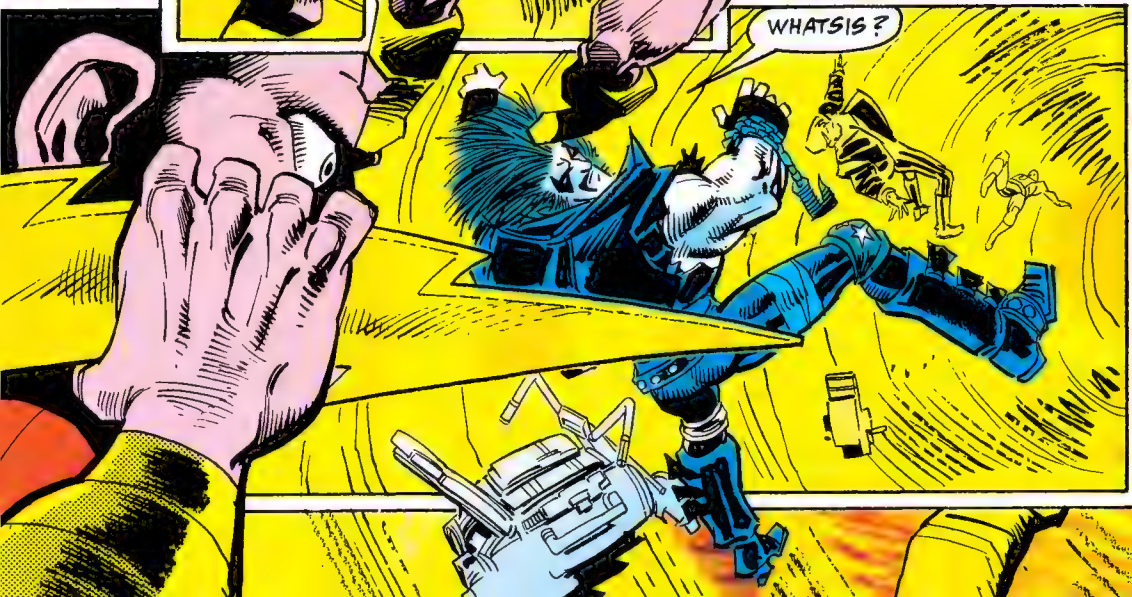
OH, LIGHTEN
UP, WILLYA? WE'LL
GET OUR RUCKUS--
AND I'M LOOKIN'
FORWARD TO SETTLIN'
SOME SCORES!



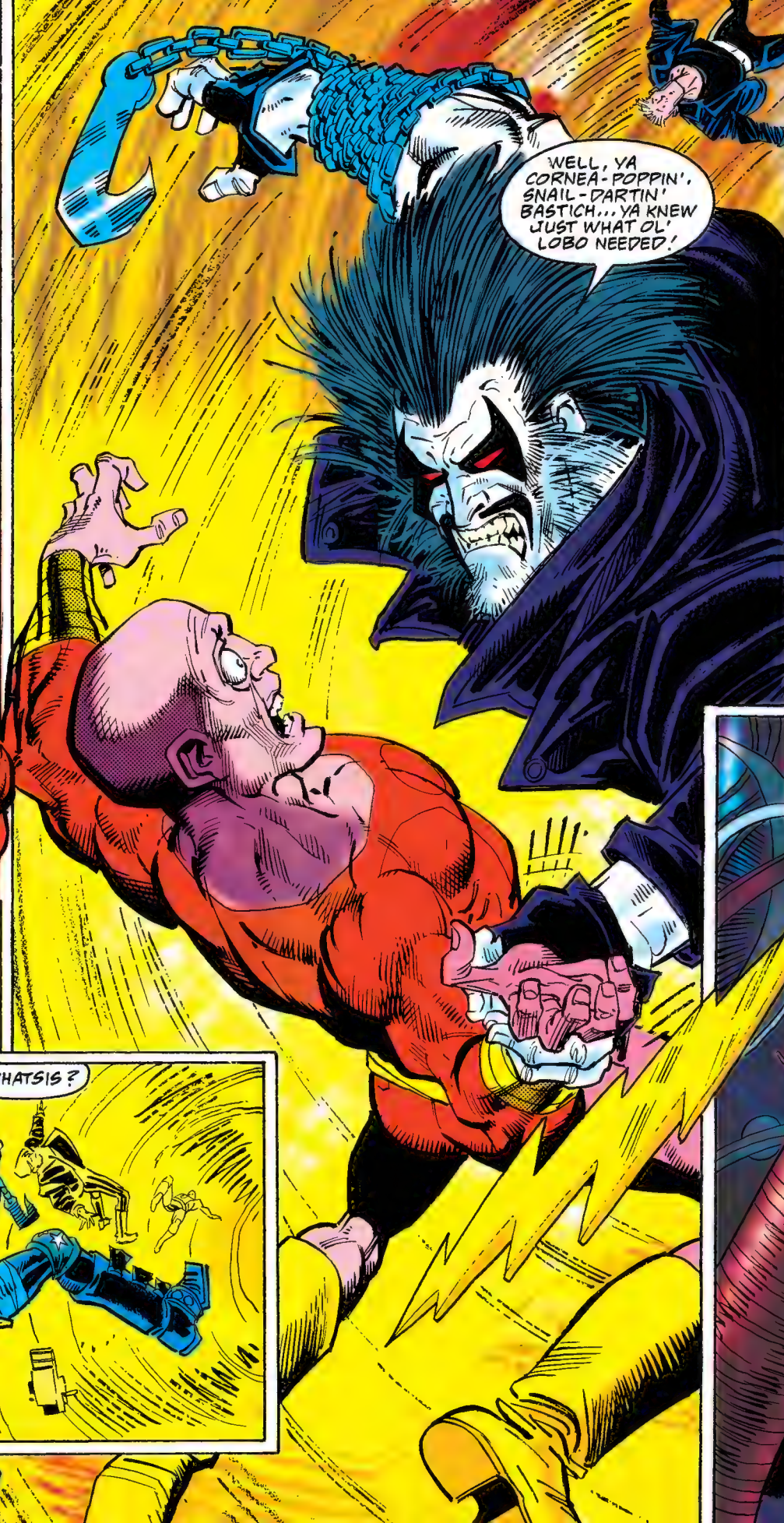
NOW...



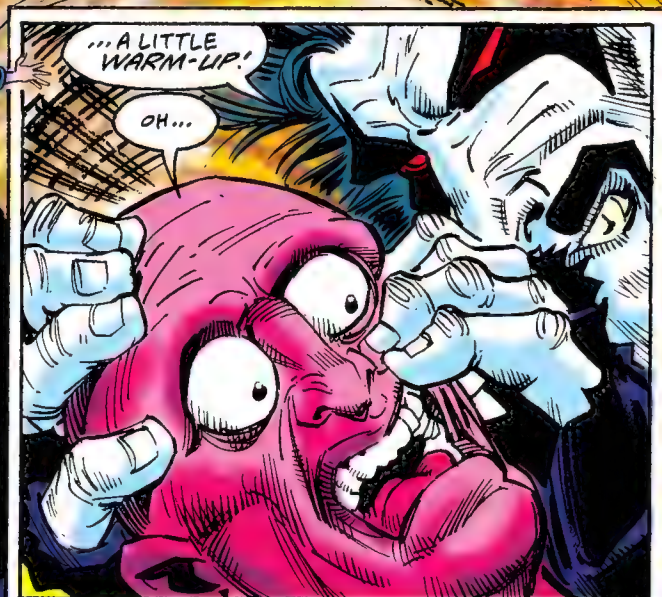
...MAY THE GREAT EVIL
GIVE ME STRENGTH!



WHAT'S IS?

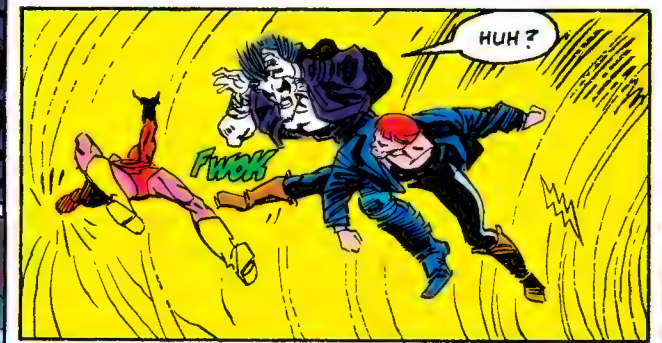


WELL, YA
CORNEA-POPPIN',
SNAIL-DARTIN'
BASTICH... YA KNEW
JUST WHAT OL'
LOBO NEEDED!

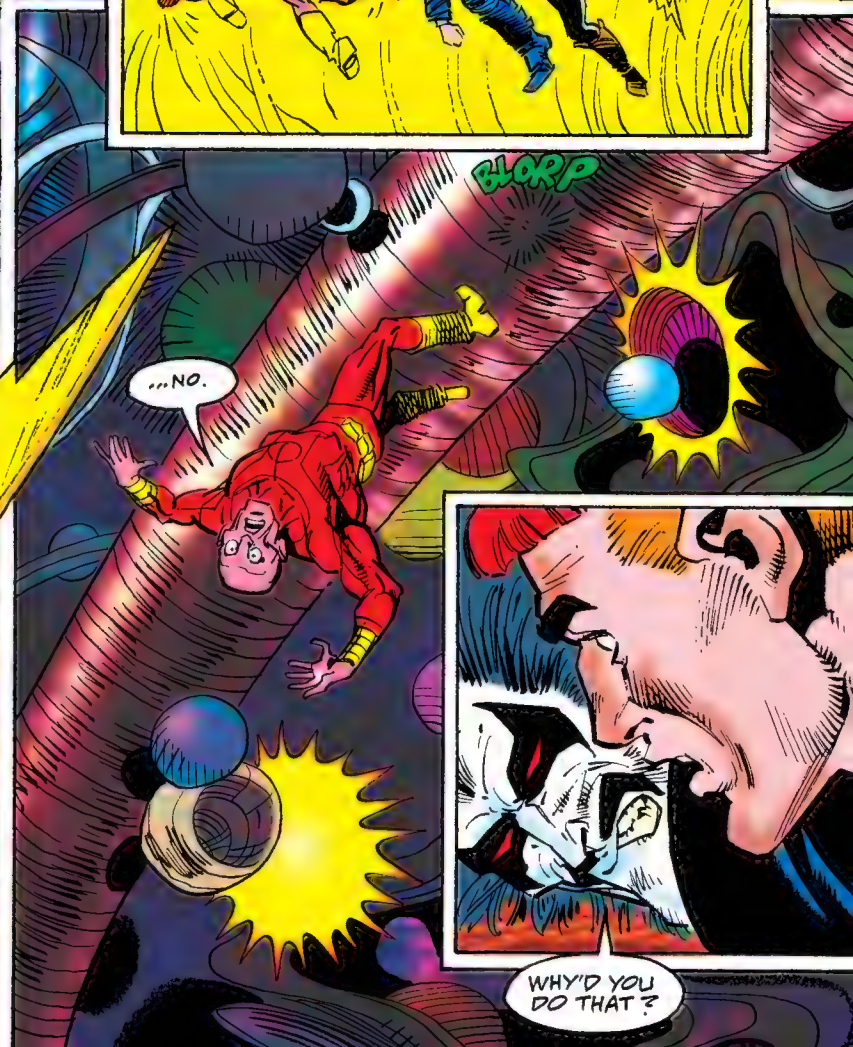


...A LITTLE
WARM-UP!

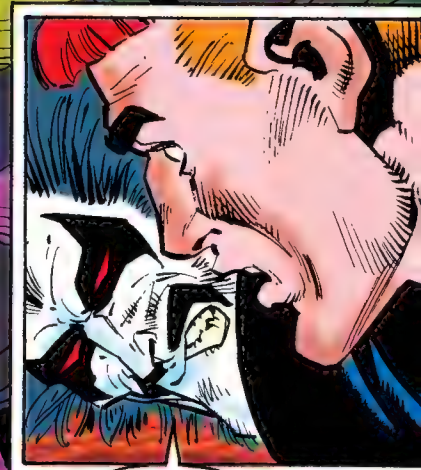
OH...



HUH?



...NO.



WHY'D YOU
DO THAT?

SOFTIES. I HATE SOFTIES. JUST DON'T YOU GET IN MY WAY WHEN WE GET TO QWARD.

DON'T MELT YER EYESHADOW OVER IT, CLOWN-FACE. I'LL MAKE YOU LOOK SOFT AN' FUZZY!

HELL, I DUNNO. I GOT USED TO THAT IDIOT. DIDN'T WANNA SEE 'IM CROAKED.

Y'THINK FLYIN' AROUND LIMBO BETWEEN UNIVERSES IS BETTER 'N DEATH?

I NEVER TRIED NEITHER! I JUST KNOW WHICH ONE I'D PICK!

AT LAST! THANK THE GREAT RED MAN...

...WE ARE THERE!

EVEN IF MY MASTERS TORTURE AND KILL ME... AT LEAST I WILL BE HOME!

Y'MEAN THIS IS IT? WE'RE COMIN' INTO QWARD?

YES! AT LAST! AT LAST! AT--

--LUHH?

THEN I GUESS WE DON'T NEED YOU AROUND NO MORE...

...DO WE?

KRRRAK

Y'KNOW SOMETHIN', LOBO? YER A REAL PIECE O' WORK.

WELL, TOUGH GUY? MAKE THAT LOOK "SOFT 'N' FUZZY"!

FEETAL'S GIZZ! WHAT--?



HUH. LOOKS
T' ME, LOBO...
LIKE WE GOT
A SITUATION
HERE.

...AFTER MONTHS.
THE RESTORATION OF
OUR SHATTERED
PRIDE.

... THAT WHEN
THE IDOL OF THE
RED MAN IS
RESTORED, THE RED
MAN HIMSELF
MAY RETURN
TO US!

... UNTIL THE
UNHOLY ALLIANCE
OF Q'WARD AND
SINESTRO HAUNTS
THE MULTIVERSE
AGAIN!

STAND READY.
NOW! THE RAISING
OF THE RED
MAN'S HEAD
BEGINS!



SAY. YOU EVER SEE
GUNGA DIN?

NAW. BUT I THINK
I HEARD ABOUT THE
LIVE YA MUST BE
THINKIN' OF.

SHALL
WE?



YOU'RE ALL
UNDER ARREST!



WHO--

--DARES?!



IT'S HIM!

THE ONE WITH THE BOWL ON HIS HEAD!

THE DESTROYER OF THE IDOL OF THE RED MAN!

WELL, THAT GOT A RISE OUT'VE 'EM, ALL RIGHT.



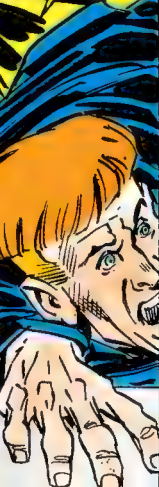
DESTROY HIM!

SO NOW WHADDA WE DO?!

SIMPLE. WE FRAG 'EM.



WELL, LOBO ISN'T GOIN' THROUGH ANY AGONIES O' DOUBT.

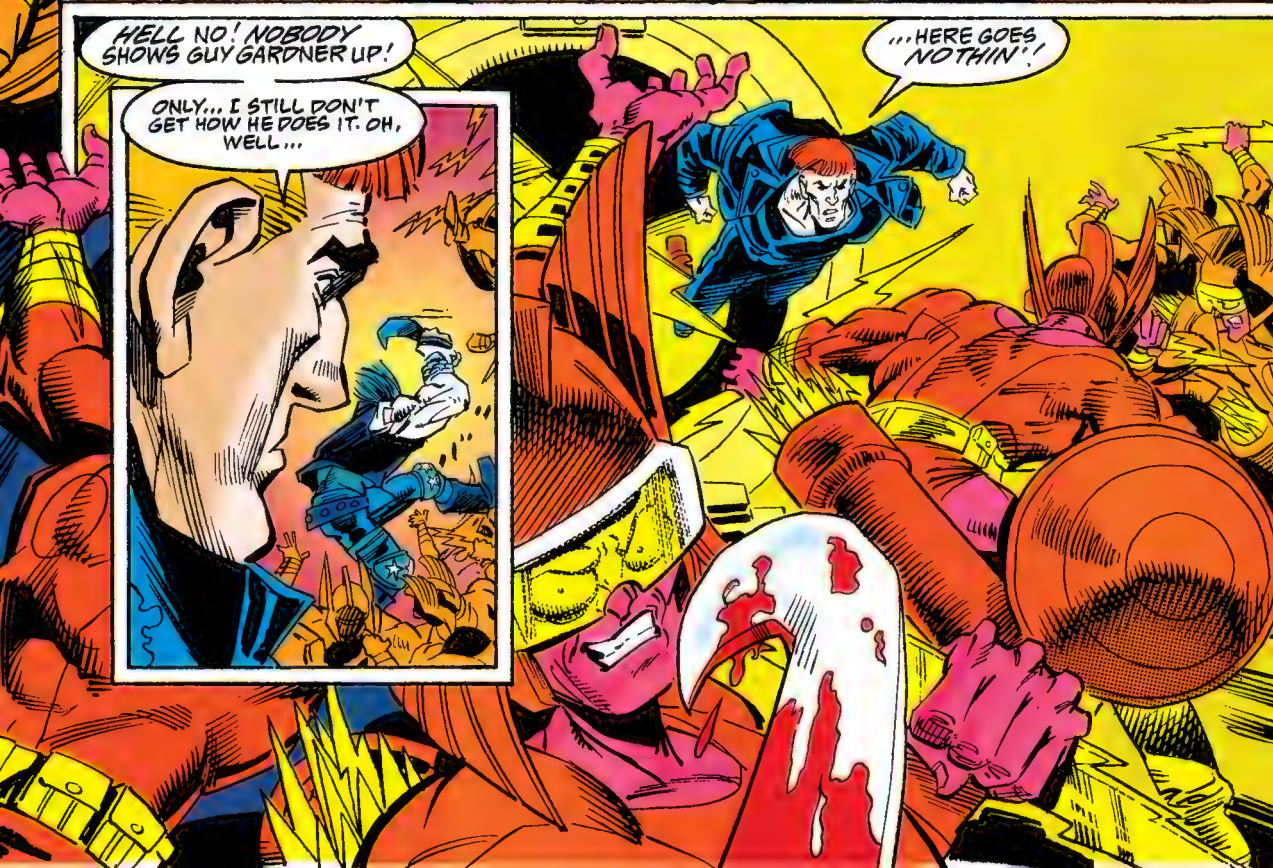


AM I GONNA LET HIM SHOW ME UP?!



BOOM

THAT THE BEST YA GOT, YA POP-EYED YOYOS?





'COURSE IT HELPS T'BE
BORN INVULNERABLE,
LIKE LOBO.

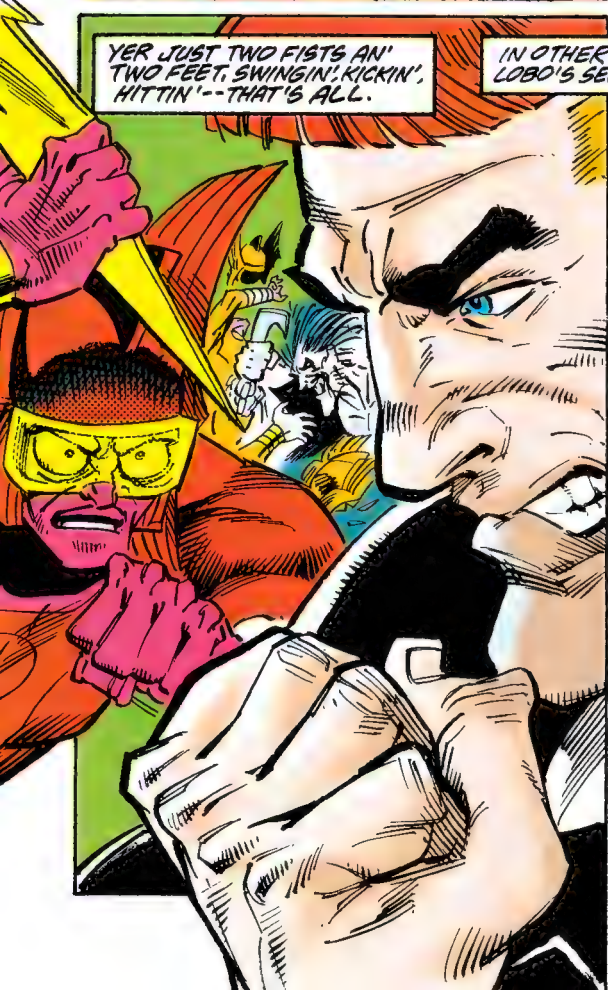
GLARKK!

BUT EVEN SO, THESE
WEAPONERS AIN'T
MAKIN' MUCH SOLID
CONTACT ON 'IM.



HOLD HIM--
SO I CAN
STRIKE!

YOU JUST KEEP MOVIN'.
DON'T LETCHERSELF THINK.
DON'T STAND THERE ADMIRIN'
HOW TOUGH YA ARE.



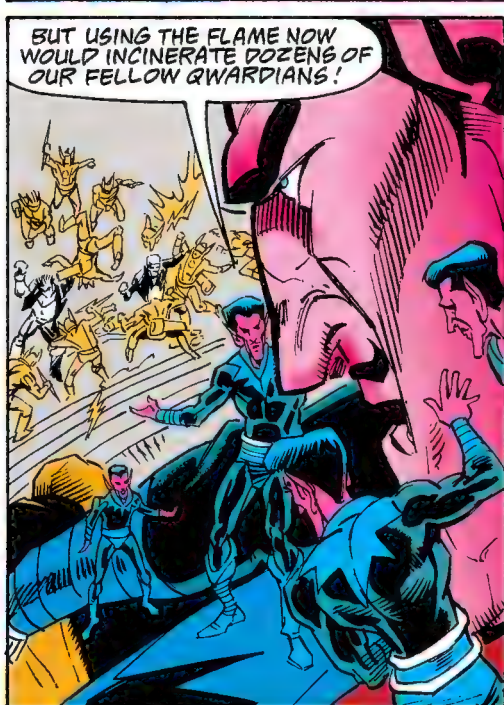
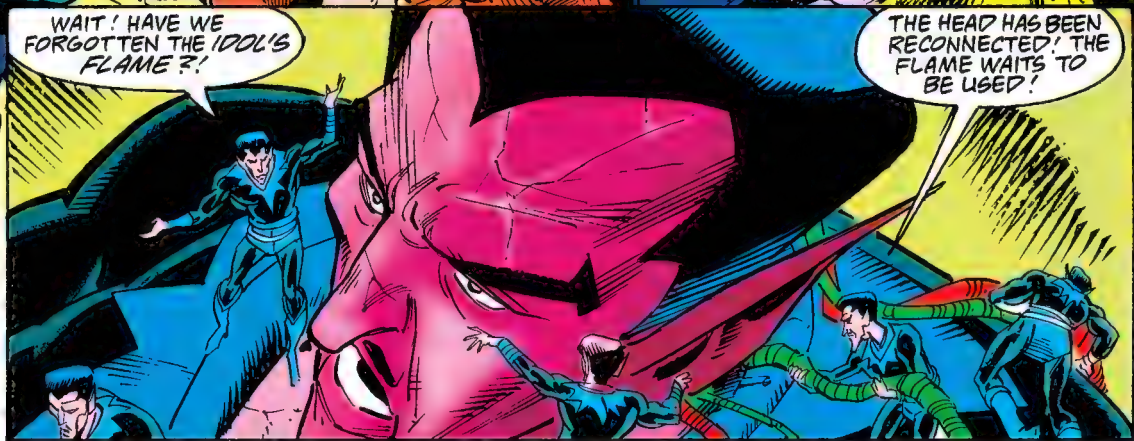
YER JUST TWO FISTS AN'
TWO FEET, SWINGIN', KICKIN',
HITTIN'--THAT'S ALL.

IN OTHER WORDS,
LOBO'S SECRET IS...



... FIGHT LIKE YOU
GOT NO BRAIN!

HAW!
HAW!
HAW!





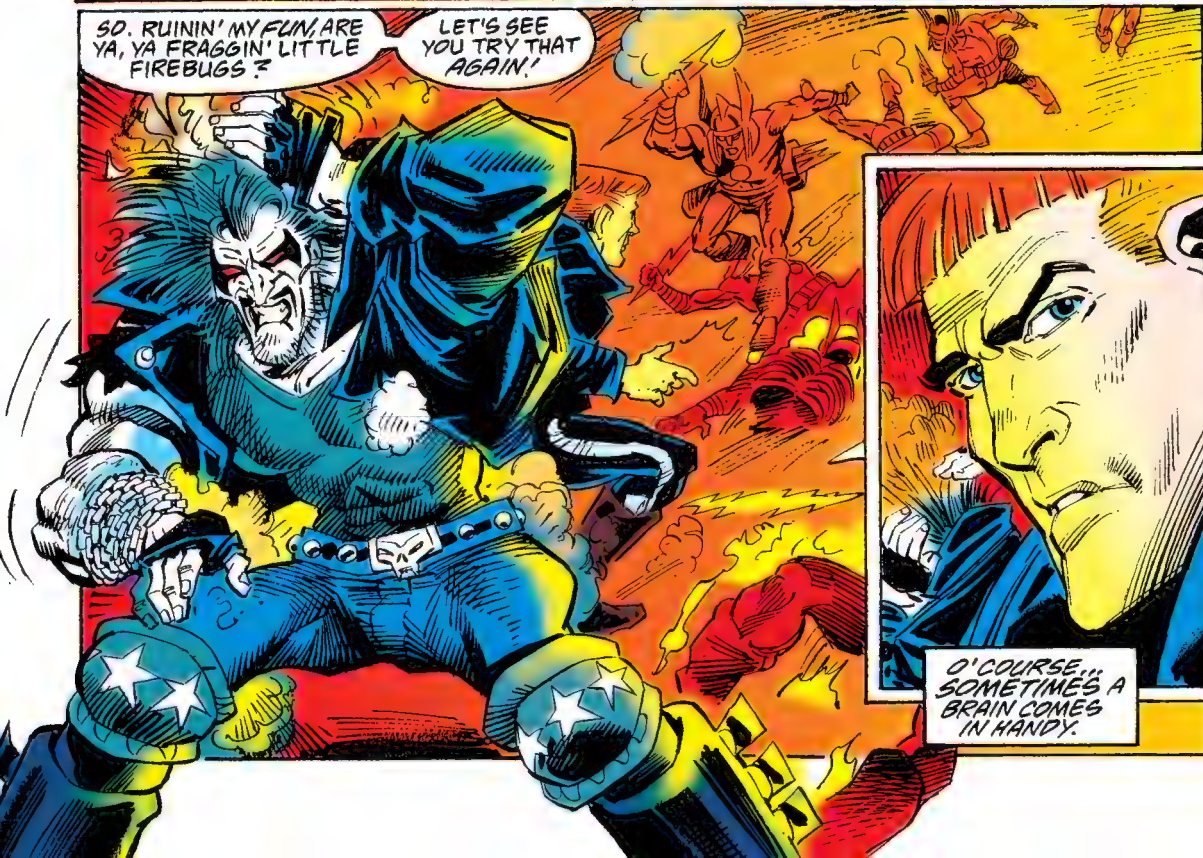
...FIRE!

FWOOSH



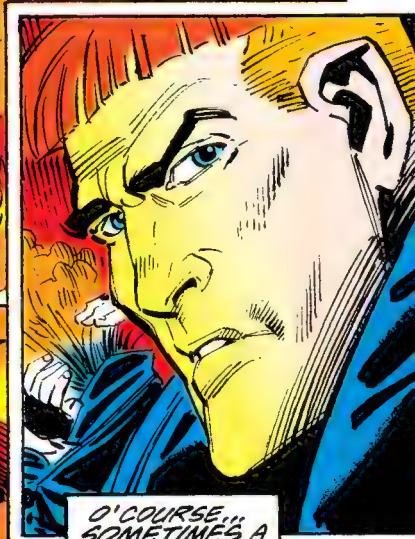
WHAT TH--?

WAAH-YEEEEEEEEEE

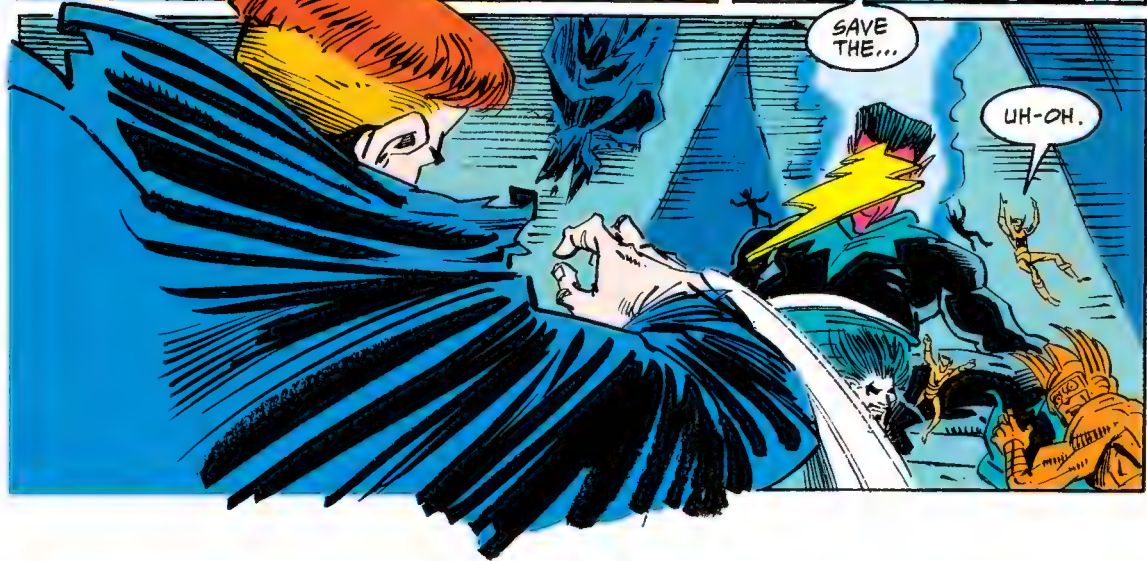
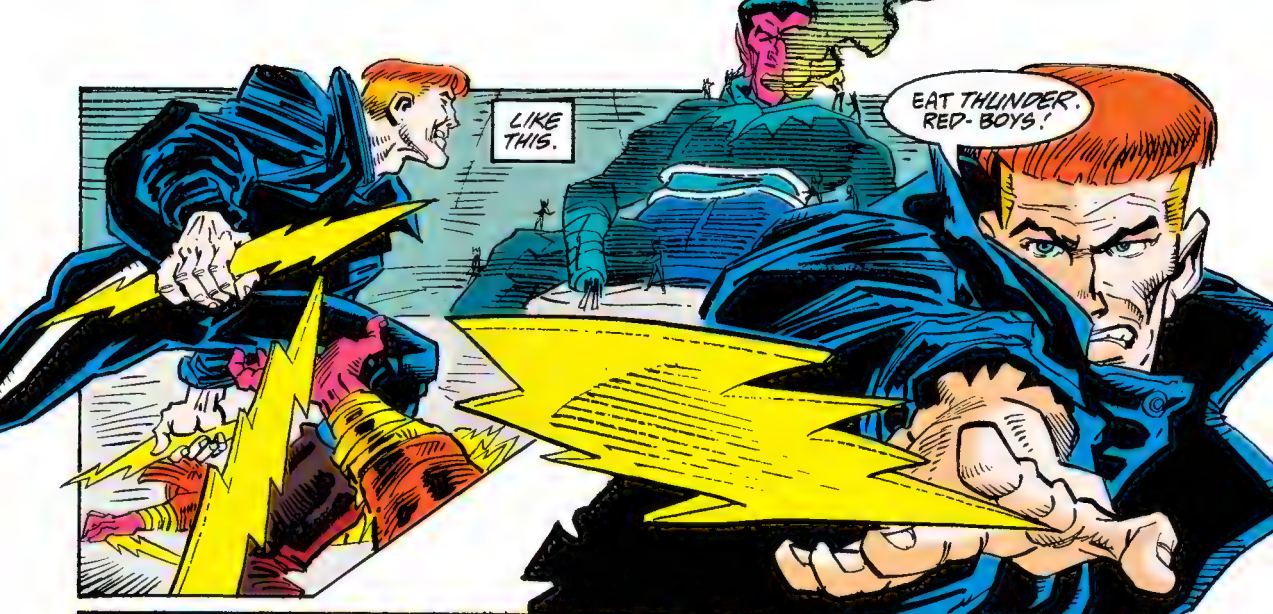


SO, RUININ' MY FUN, ARE YA, YA FRAGGIN' LITTLE FIREBUGS?

LET'S SEE YOU TRY THAT AGAIN!



O' COURSE... SOMETIMES A BRAIN COMES IN HANDY.





LET'S GET
OUTTA HERE!
WE'RE WASTIN'
TIME!

I AIN'T WASTIN'
TIME! I'M RIPPIN'
HEADS!



RIP 'EM LATER!
WE GOTTA GET
TO WHERE THE
WEAPONS
ARE!

THIS BETTER
BE WORTH IT,
GEEK.



DON'T KNOW
THIS PLACE GOOD,..
BUT A LONG TIME AGO
ME AN' A CHUM NAME
O' GOLDFACE WERE
SENT TO INVAD E THIS
PLACE BY SOME
GUARDIANS...

...AN' THEY
GIMME A LITTLE
BRIEFIN' ON THE
LAYOUT!

THERE! THE
HIGHEST BUILDIN'!
THAT'S WHAT I
WANT...

"...THE TOWER O' THE CHIEF WEAPONER!"

THERE YOU
ARE, MASTER
THUNDERER...

...WITH THIS DOCUMENT
YOU ARE PROMOTED TO THE
COMMAND OF THE THUNDER
GUARD.

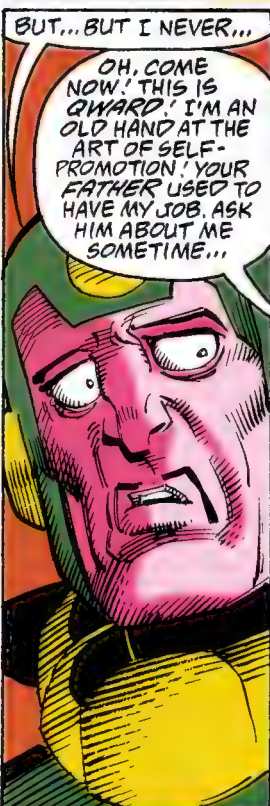
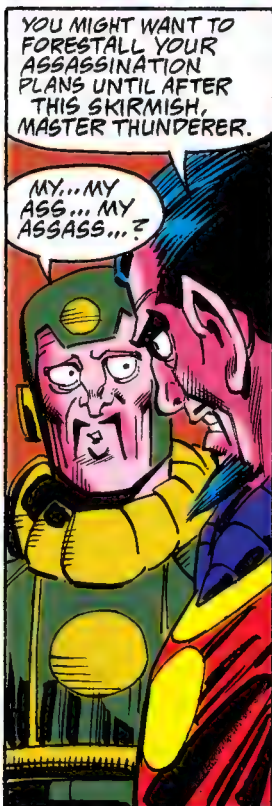
I HOPE YOU WILL
NOT MEET THE SAME
STRANGE FATE
AS YOUR THREE
PREDECESSORS.

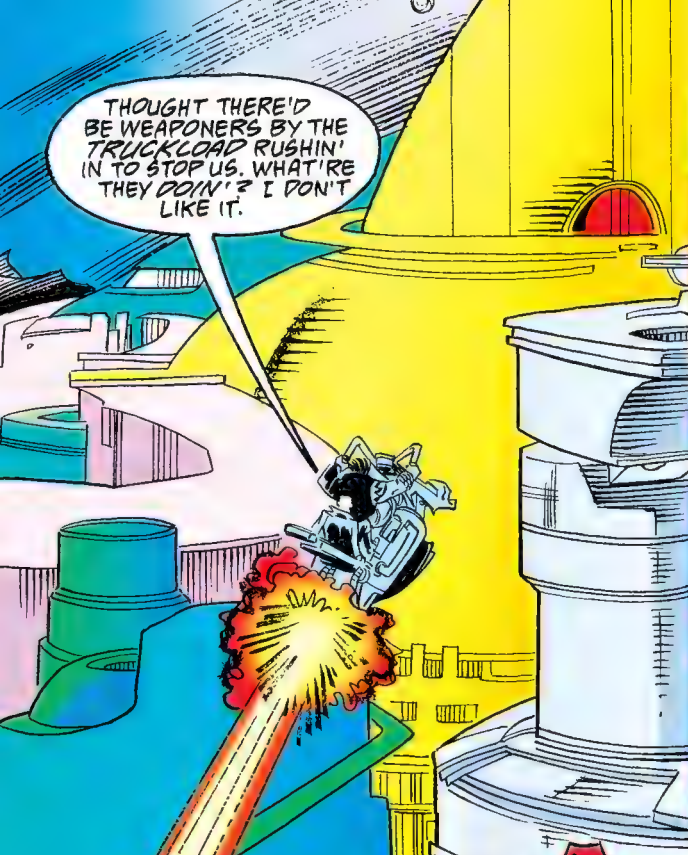
SOMEHOW...
I THINK NOT,
SIRE.

I DON'T KNOW IF
YOU REALIZE IT,
THUNDERER, BUT
THIS PLACES YOU
SECOND IN
COMMAND...

...REQUIRED TO TAKE MY
PLACE AS CHIEF WEAPONER
IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN
TO ME.

OH, REALLY, SIRE? THAT...
HADN'T ACTUALLY OCCURRED
TO ME.





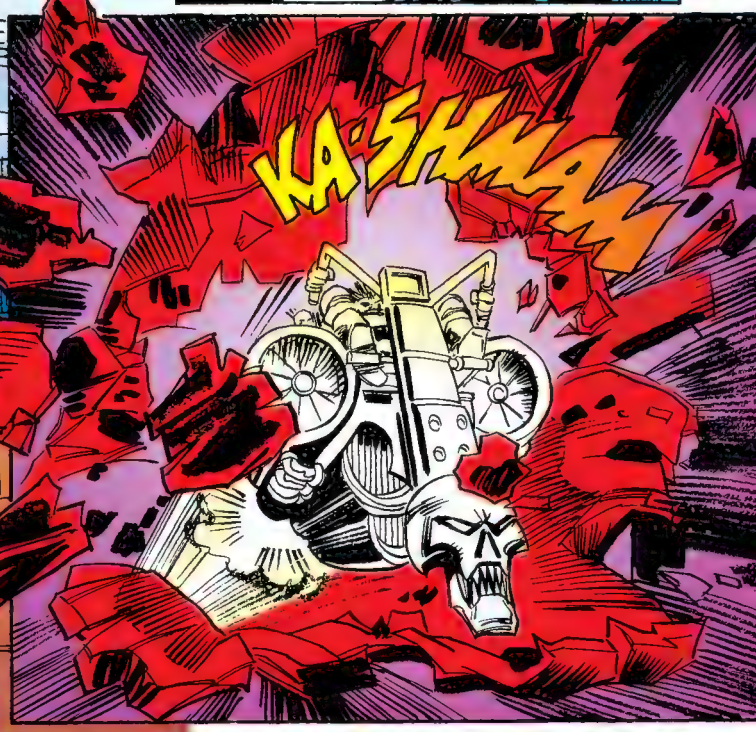
THOUGHT THERE'D
BE WEAPONERS BY THE
TRUCKLOAD RUSHIN'
IN TO STOP US. WHAT'RE
THEY DOIN'? I DON'T
LIKE IT.



YOU DON'T LIKE IT?/
YOU TOLD ME I'D BE
SPREADIN' SOME MAYHEM
ON THIS DUSTBALL. AND
WHAT'M I DOIN'?

I'M
GETTIN' BORED,
GARDNER.
I DON'T
LIKE
GETTIN' BORED.

HOLJER HORSES,
STRAW-HEAD.
WE'RE BOUND TO
MEET US SOME
RESISTANCE
IN--

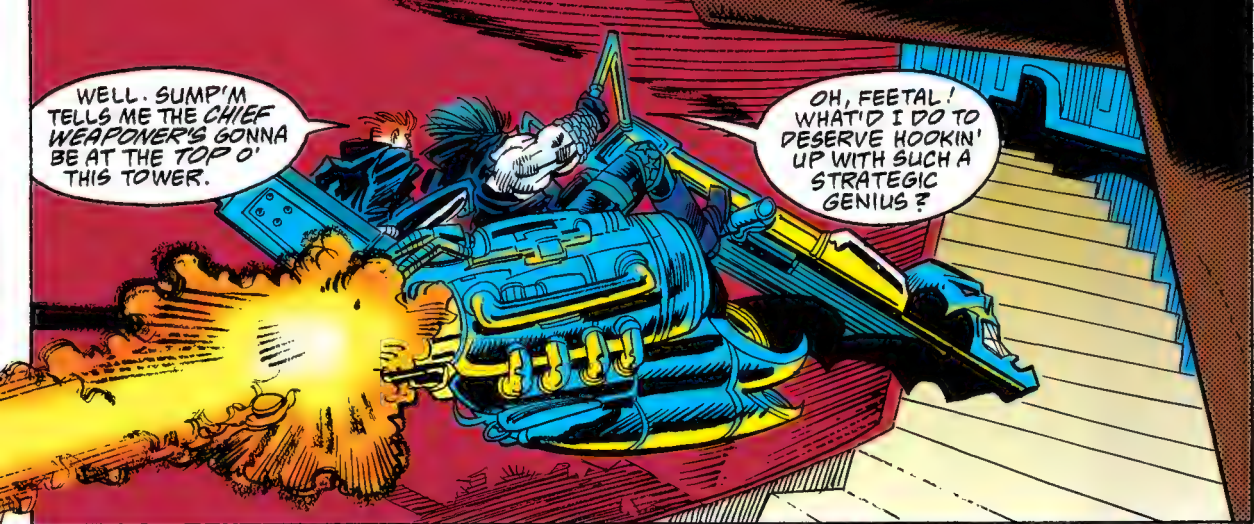


KA-SHAAA

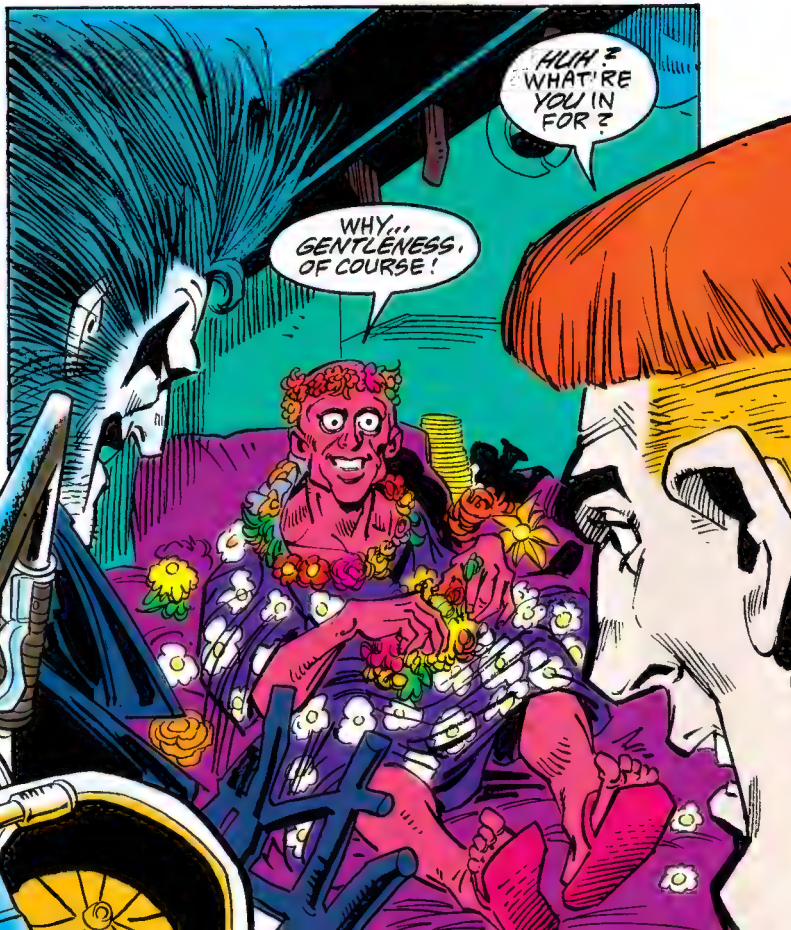
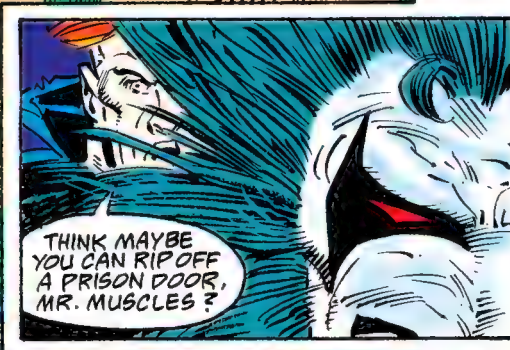
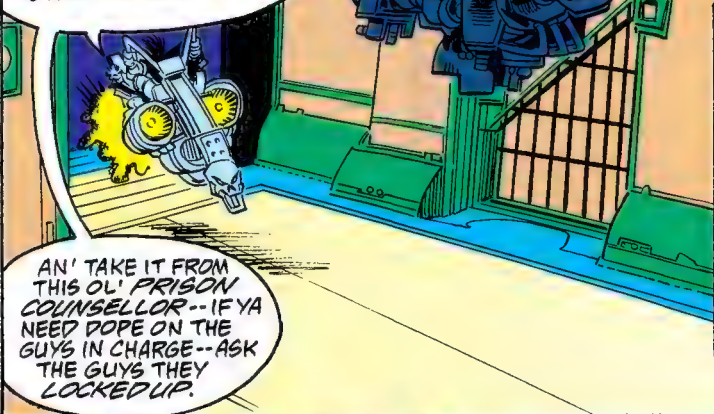


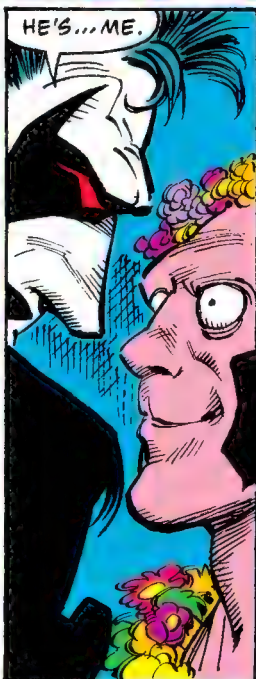
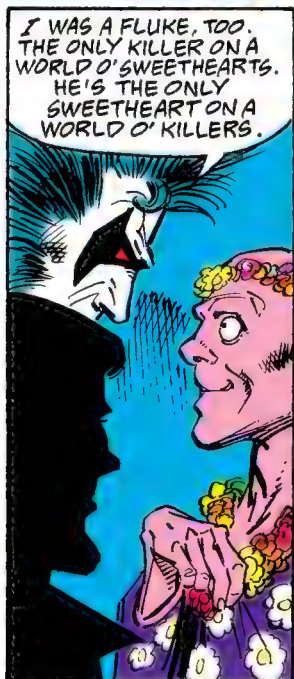
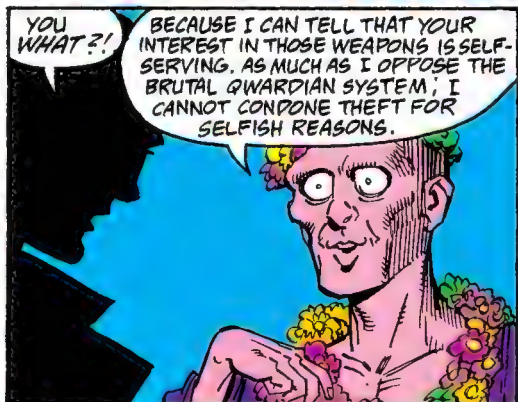
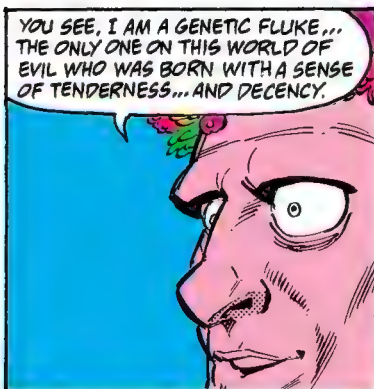
--HERE?

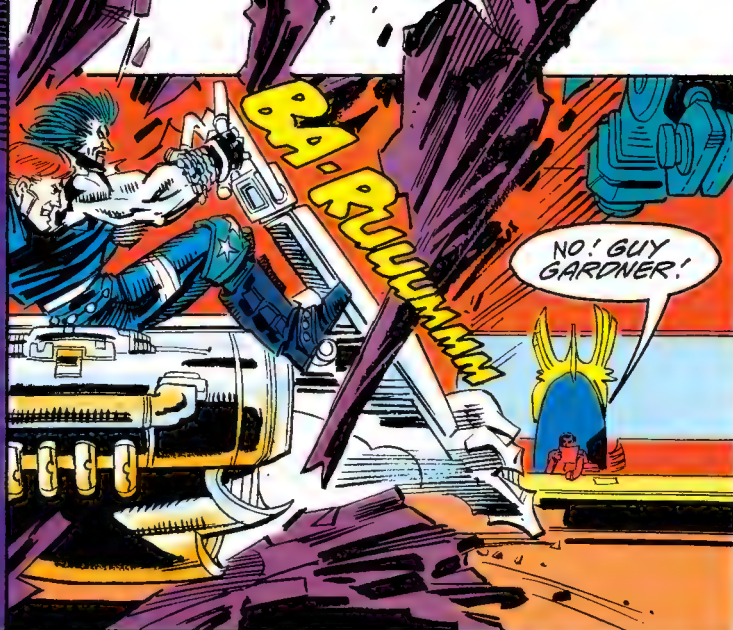
WEIRD.
WHERE ARE
THEY?



CLOSE THE THROTTLE, DARK- EYES. LOOKS LIKE WE GOT US A JAIL HERE.







NO! GUY GARDNER!

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON QWARD?! HOW DID YOU GET PAST MY ARMIES?!



YER ARMIES ARE BUSY CHASIN' US AROUND WHERE WE AIN'T, I GUESS. AN' SOME O' YOUR PRISONERS WAS KIND ENOUGH TO GIVE US DIRECTIONS STRAIGHT TO YER OFFICE.

PITY YOUR EFFORTS ARE WASTED! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT--

BUT THERE IS NOTHING FORCE CAN WRING FROM A WEAPONER OF QWARD!

YEAH?

I'D LOVE TO SEE YA PROVE THAT. SEE, MY FRIEND HERE, HE LIKES SEEIN' WHAT FORCE WILL DO, LIKE... PULLIN' OFF FINGERS... AND WIDENIN' ORIFICES...

I SAY AGAIN... FORCE IS WASTED ON ME!

BUT I'M... ALWAYS OPEN TO INTELLIGENT DISCUSSION.

HEY, THAT'S RIGHT. I AIN'T DONE ORIFICES FOR WEEKS!







IN OTHER WORDS, THIS WHOLE THING'S BEEN A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

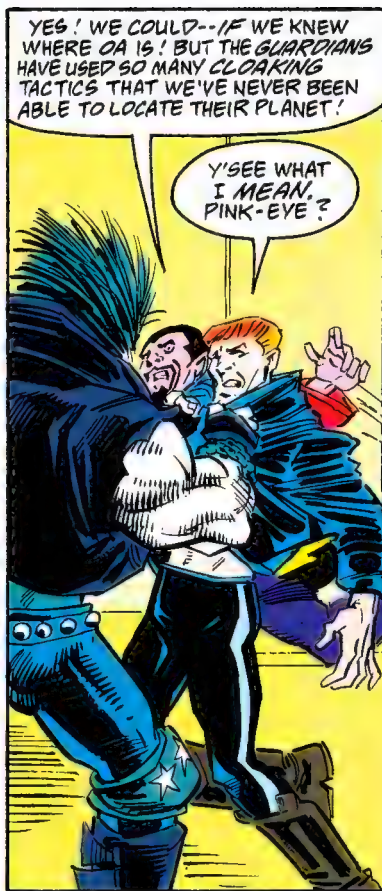
SO MAYBE I OUGHTTA CARVE YOU UP LIKE A GOOSE, HM?

LEMME DOWN, BIKE-BRAIN! YOU'RE GONNA NEED ME TO LEAD YA TO OA!

YEAH?



I BET THESE BOYS CAN SEND ME TO OA, WITH ALL THEIR FANCY-FRAGGIN' TELEPORTERS. WHAT ABOUT IT?



YES! WE COULD--IF WE KNEW WHERE OA IS! BUT THE GUARDIANS HAVE USED SO MANY CLOAKING TACTICS THAT WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE THEIR PLANET!

Y'SEE WHAT I MEAN, PINK-EYE?



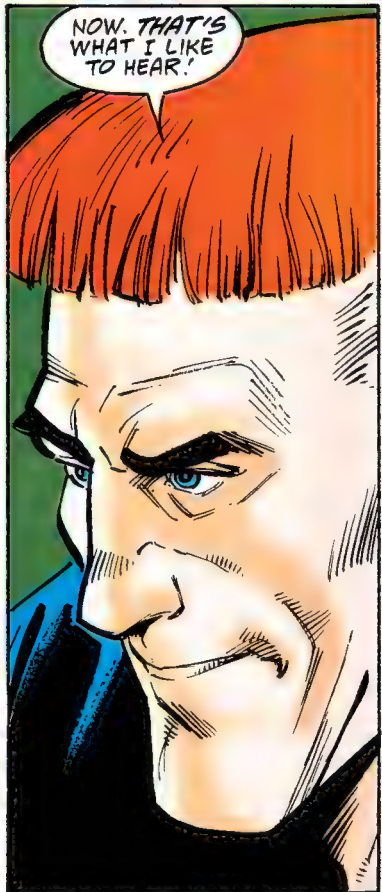
I KNOW WHERE OA IS! I KNOW MY WAY AROUND IT! OA WAS HOME TURF FR THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS!

I GIVE THIS DORK THE COORDINATES--HE SENDS US--AN' I HELP YOU GET THE RING!

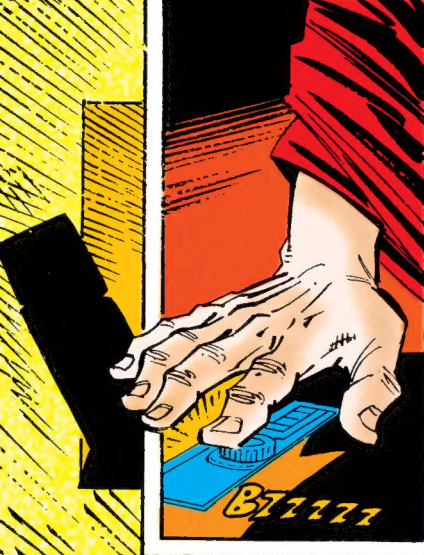


HMMMM...

I'LL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO SEND YOU THERE! ANYWHERE! IF YOU'LL ONLY SPARE MY LIFE... AND THAT OF MY WORLD!



NOW, THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR!



IF THE INFORMATION YOU'VE GIVEN ME IS CORRECT... YOU SHOULD MOMENTARILY BE ON YOUR WAY TO OA.

NOTE HOW THE GOLDEN GLOW DISSOLVES THE VERY WALLS OF THE ROOM AROUND YOU.



EVERYTHING WITHIN THE GLOW OF THE TRANSPORTER BEAM IS BEING CONVERTED FROM ANTI-MATTER TO POSITIVE MATTER, TO BE TRANSMITTED TO YOUR UNIVERSE.

HA, 'WHAT A GAS! SEEIN' THE LOOK ON THOSE GUARDIANS'

YES. I LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING THEIR SURPRISE, INDEED.

WHAT? YOU AIN'T GOIN'!

OH, BUT I'M AFRAID I AM, MR. GARDNER. AND IF YOU'LL LOOK BEHIND YOU, YOU'LL SEE THAT THE GLOW HAS GROWN TO INCLUDE SOME OTHERS, AS WELL.

NAMELY...

OH, NO!



... THE UNITED ARMIES
OF QIWARD-- JOINING
YOU FOR THE INVASION
OF OA --

--AND THE FINAL
DESTRUCTION OF THE
GREEN LANTERN
CORPS!

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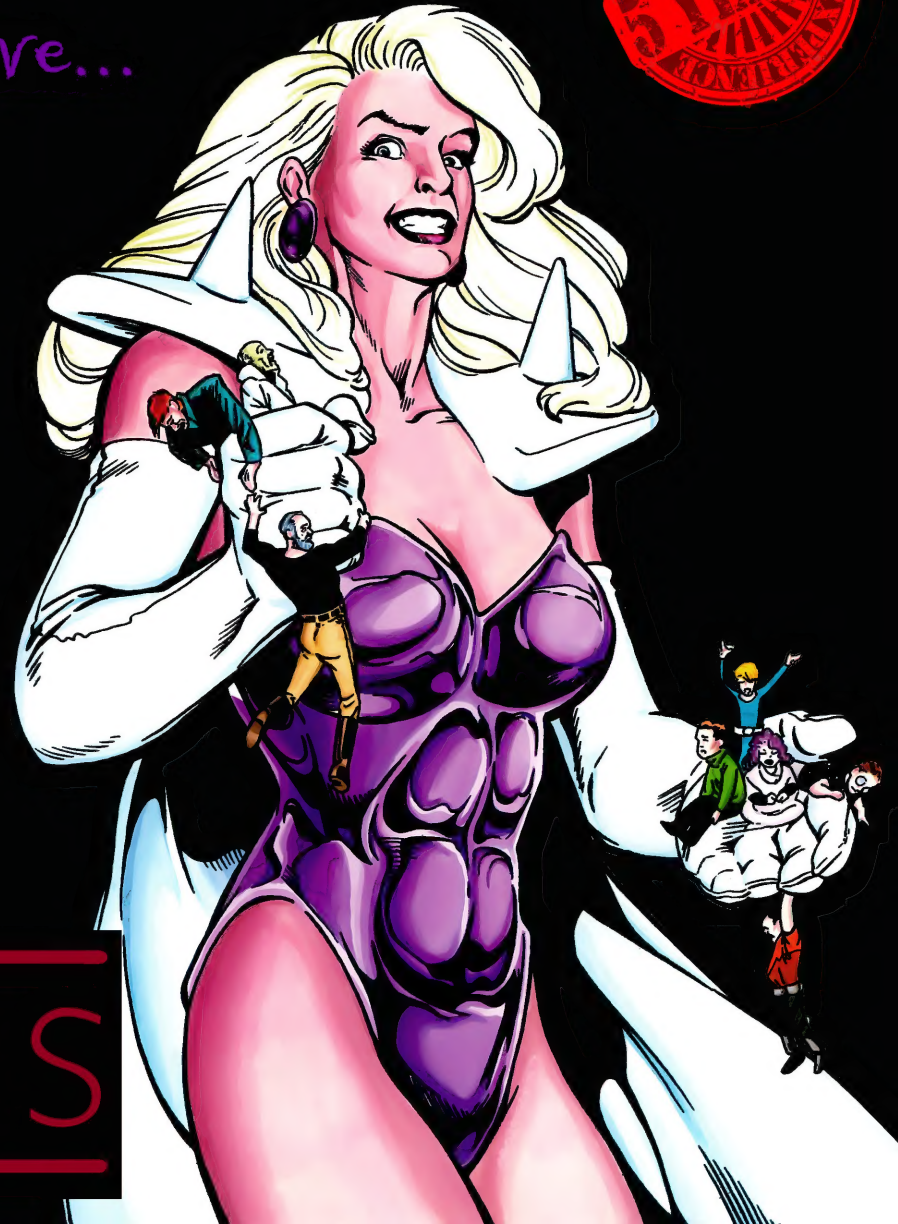
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